March 18, 1983 #206

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# RAM

## SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES

## READERS POLL RESULTS

## Do. Re. Mi

## Party Boys

## Peter Tosh

## Wham!

## Scientists

## JFK & The Cuban Crisis

**Nationwide ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE Included**

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## GIRLS AT THEIR FURRY BEST?

Marie, Marie, Marie, you are so pathetic. Your review of the Psychedelic Furs belongs on the bottom of a shit pile.

The Furs were excellent. They kept the show moving, and the lights and smoke added a mysterious effect to the show, making it even more entertaining, more than what I could say for the Tablewaiters who seemed to be a carbon copy of Simple Minds.

Stiff shit, dear, if he did funny things with his mike stand; I'm sure we could arrange to shove it up your fanny for you, at least he kept the roadies on their feet.

The Psychedelics Furs are very entertaining and original individuals, not like half the shit that gets ejected from England, on to our shores, e.g. Duran Duran, Haircut 100, Blancmange; need I say more?

Lots of Love,
The Butler Girls

## THE DIMPLES HAVE IT

Just a few lines to rave about Ian Moss's smile. Have you ever noticed it? *Love* those dimples. Not a "Hey, I'm a CREDIBLE sex symbol" James Reyne job.

"Yaaaah Ian!"

P.S.: Why do girls drool over Alex Smith?

**There's a short answer to that. . .**

## CLEARING THE MEN

Dear Greg: Re RAM February 18th 1983, Issue 204 — the piece in "Transit Lounge" regarding "Men At Work".

The reason *The Sun* made a lot of noise was because CBS advertised the discounted singles release in *The Sun*'s arch rival, the national *Daily Star*.

In any event, Gallup, the organisation which compiles and publishes the UK chart checked the sales progress of the six records which CBS had featured in their *Daily Star* advertisements. Gallup made no change to the chart position of any of the records and confirmed that fact to the British Phonographic industry body.

Sincerely,
Paul Russell,
Managing Director,
CBS U.K. Ltd.

**We're most grateful to Mr. Russell for so succinctly refuting this scurrilous rumour — and most touched that *Transit Lounge* is read with such attention in London. Today — Dubbo; tomorrow — the world!**

## CLEARING ELLY

Only one point in D. Langsam's letter (RAM #205) merits a response. The claim that women rock writers work in this field in order to "meet" rock stars is a persistent libel usually motivated by spite or ego; a lot of men who work in rock do have a schoolboy-ish ability to convince themselves (and sometimes others) that the most unlikely women lust after them.

In this case the writer chose to personalise, and, since horizontal is *not* my preferred position, I don't intend to take this particular libel lying down.

A Melbourne all-girl band once told me that a male freelance rock writer promised to write a rave review about them on condition their guitarist went out with him. When she refused, a heavy slam appeared in print instead. Because there *are* libel laws, I'm not allowed to clearly imply who that rock writer was, but his abuse of his position to sexual ends is a much worse perversion of "responsible journalism" than any example I know of where a woman involved in rock journalism also became involved with a rock musician.

By no coincidence at all, David Langsam (who I assume is the author of the letter) is a male freelance rock writer. I met him once — at one of the only two record company receptions I have ever attended. I was working; he was ligging. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say he spent most of the evening ear-bashing me with a *very* overdone line in flattery and instant intimacy. Afterwards he even trailed me through the late-night streets, which made me so nervous I wondered whether he was a full-on crank.

With perhaps one exception, I don't count any musicians (let alone "rock stars") among my friends. I don't socialise in rock circles, and — unlike every other rock writer — unless I was actually working on a story that night, I've paid for the gigs I've been to (the exceptions you could count on one hand). Criticism of my work based on the premise that I'm only in it for the backstage passes is pathetically off-target.

However, I happily acknowledge that my commitment to rock'n'roll is less than total. Like every sane person over the age of 12, I have other commitments with higher priority: my family, my friendships, my personal values, my political beliefs and (yes!) even some other interests all take precedence. If one point underlay that whole article — intended as a light, humorous piece — it's that rock bands are *not* the be all and end all.

My lawyer advises me that D. Langsam's letter is in itself libellous, and by allowing it to be printed, RAM is also liable. My lawyer and I therefore request that RAM prints this letter in RAM #206 in its entirety, including this paragraph, and adds an editorial statement to the effect that Elly McDonald is *not* a "crass, superficial and lazy" journalist with no "commitment to her music" who uses rock writing as "just a convenient vehicle to meet rock stars", but is on the contrary a journalist with high professional and personal standards.

Legal action will result if on any future occasion, from any quarter, libels adversely affecting or reflecting on my professional capacities are brought to my attention.

Yours sincerely,
Elly McDonald, N.S.W.

**Unlike some publications, RAM sees its Letters Page as a forum for reader opinion no matter how ill-informed, critical or even abusive.**

**Unfortunately, years of insult have left this editor fairly unconcerned as to what nasty things people may call him, and thus forgetful that others may not be so indifferent.**

**In general, all of Elly's required denials we unhesitatingly concur with: and it doesn't need lawyers being waved around. Would we have published Elly's work — more frequently and for longer than virtually any other RAM contributor — if we thought her "crass, superficial, lazy or uncommitted"?**

**In particular, I recall one incident several years back in which the manager of a well-known band enquired with some bemusement what we thought he should do with a cheque for over $100 which Elly had sent him as reimbursement for the exact number of times her name had 'been on the door' at gigs which she was not specifically covering. I doubt whether any other rock ~~journalist~~ in the world has such an extreme standard of integrity.**

## BOLLOX — NO BANSHEES

So, Siouxsie and the Banshees are touring Australia (or Sydney and Melbourne at least). What the hell happened to Adelaide, Perth etc!? Are these promoters that bloody greedy that they have a minimum $50,000 profit, or doesn't any other city in Australia exist?

In closing,
Bollox to band "Promoters".
Bollox to record companies.
Signed by a very annoyed group of Banshees fans.

**Hey! Anyone can be a promoter, especially if they're prepared to gamble everything they own — or at least everything they can borrow — on a particular concert breaking even. When individuals like Ken West, or groups like Honky Tonk Angels both decided existing promoters weren't bringing in the acts *they* wanted to see, they went out and scraped up some guarantee money and contacted the artists themselves. If the Adelaide/Perth/Hobart etc. music scenes are seen as dubious financial gambles by artists and existing promoters, then only action within those scenes can make any change.**

## PATIENT READER

At first this letter was to be a scathing attack on Greg Taylor's abuses of his editorial privileges, specially with regards to the two opening letters of RAM, issue 203. I could not believe that RAM would allow such ignorant, ill-educated material to be published. I was incensed!

The article damning Midnight Oil and their strength in resisting the all-powerful "commercialist only" approach of the majority of the recording industry was a direct insult to intelligent, aware and appreciative punters everywhere. I will not attempt to defend the 'Oils' with a lot of relevant musical hype — it is just so obvious. Perhaps being chained to a speaker for the duration of an 'Oils' concert would cure the 'head injuries' this unfortunate has been cursed with, and hopefully give him a renewed awareness of the 'guts and power' that the Oils had supposedly lost.

As for the 'Two People' from Tassie — It seems to me they've both already been damned with closet-size minds. They took it very personally, didn't they? Probably both drive Commodores and felt that they'd copped an unfair dig from Jon. We can all sympathise with how upsetting it must be when your lifestyle is satirised so horribly. Many thanks, Jon Krause.

So you see, I reflected, and realised that it is not up to RAM to protect us from these defectives. However much it pains, the real people of this world must be made aware of the burden of ignorance we all carry. We must suppress our initial vehemence — and pray that RAM does not *over*burden us.

A patient reader,
N.S.W.

**Reflection rather than reflex — way to go!**

## POSITIVE READER

To 'Definitely not a RAM fan' (*Issue 204*):

You have got to be joking! "Who are the Machinations and Dynamic Hepnotics?", you asked ever so intelligently. Where have you been for the last couple of years? The above mentioned bands are among the best in Australia (and that's really saying something). These bands, along with Hunters & Collectors, Midnight Oil and No Fixed Address, deserve the praise which bands like Men At Work (average), Little River Band (very boring) and Air Supply (worse) receive.

You then say that "nobody writes music like the Americans", (thank God). By this statement, are you referring to such excitingly different and stimulating acts as John Cougar, REO Speedwagon, Toto, Foreigner, etc etc. (my granny loves them)? Take John Cougar's song *Hurt So Good*. Jesus, I have nothing against senseless lyrics, but when they're backed up by such monotonous music (and still get into the Top Ten), it really makes me puke.

Upon reading your next well-founded, sensible statement that if you took all the American songs out of the Top 40 you have nothing left but "punk crap", I quickly turn to the Oz 45s and yes, I definitely see your point of view. I mean you certainly can't get any more punk than such bands as Culture Club, Dexy's, Psychedelic Furs, ABC, Hot Chocolate, and not to forget those Johnny Rotten Clones, Chas & Dave. I'd hate to hear your opinion on some actual punk music as it would probably be the same as my mother's, but even so, punk is a type of music and cannot be written off as "crap" just because it's different.

If you honestly think RAM is a "shit music magazine", I doubt whether you would bother reading it even if it was free. *Rolling Stone* may be more your style, but I doubt it.

If the album reviewers gave a "fair and unbiased opinion", they would not be real reviews. All the reader would know about the album is the titles of the songs on it. I agree with the review of *Somebody's Baby*, anyway. As you would have guessed, your letter really pissed me off. RAM have been wide awake to the music scene for seven years, but if they decided to take your advice and include more articles on American bands, I'm sure they wouldn't last another seven months.

Keep up the good work, RAM,
A Hater of American Music

**On the other hand, this is the sort of reflex we could really get behind. . .**

## WOT ABAHT THE OUTER DARKNESS?

Listen, does anyone in there ever get out and review live gigs by some of the many unheralded bands playing around this city of ours?

Come on Taylor, shake up some of those routine-slugs on your staff and assign them to cover something a little more daring than Hitmen, Little River Band, and Hunters and Collectors (*issue 204*).No malice intended towards these particular bands, only they have already been substantially exposed in the music press, haven't they?

Everybody already knows what they have to offer (yeah, *and* the Models, wank, *and* the Numbers, fart, *and* the Divinyls, okay, et al). How about checking out some of the lesser known bands to give us an idea of where to go and who to see when we get the urge to try something different in our music diet?

This approach will give your readers a broader view of Sydney's talent and sweep a few of the cobwebs from your currently stagnant *Seen and Heard* pages.

You should despatch some of your reporters North, South and West occasionally to suss the most enterprising groups in the suburbs, in addition to the blanket coverage you now serve up from the inner city and eastern surburbs venues and bands.

Your track record to date would seem to substantiate the popular belief that music writers are notoriously averse to travelling further than their local watering hole in their relentless search for the best groups.

I appreciate that you will probably slag this suggestion, but think about it at least; it is meant to be constructive.

Don Steadman.

P.S. If the Hitmen had sold as many records as they have had column inches (centimeters?), they would be huge.

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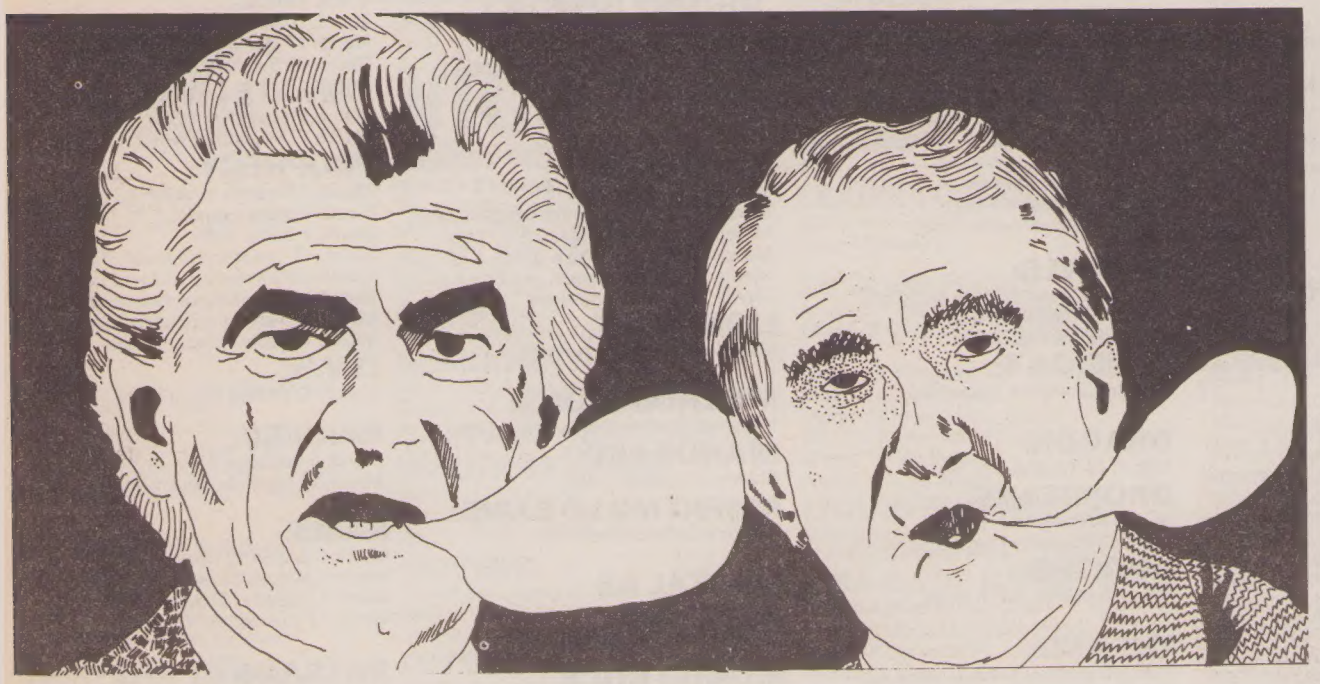
# Transit Lounge

PEOPLE, EVENTS, THINGS ON THE MOVE



The only advice we can offer for tomorrow's General Election is to ask yourself 'What are the respective parties' platforms on one of the most significant youth employment industries and big export earner and high profile cultural ambassador for Australia, an art form involving millions of people rather than a small elite yet which receives funding or even recognition?'

And if you decide that none of the major parties have anything to say about rock music, you'd be dead right.

Dave Globo and Jane Globo shape up. (Pic: Reid Combs)

## TOURS (RELICS) TOURS

**HERMAN'S HERMITS, THE TROGGS, DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, COUNTRY JOE McDONALD, THE SWINGING BLUEJEANS, GARY GLITTER, TINY TIM... all these and *more* are promised in months to come. In fact, the Hermits are locked in and the Troggs, who Wild Thang-ed their way all over Oz last year, have also confirmed their dates *(See the Entertainment Guide).***

**The Troggs may even be signing a record deal with Sydney's own feisty, funky, we-do-our-own-publicity-and-everybody-else's GREEN RECORDS. The disc at issue is *Troggs On 45*, which apart from the usual medley splicing contains a genuine collectors' item from *Edge City* and beyond. For the last decade, late night out-of-it parties have circulated bootleg tapes of a legendary late night out-of-it Troggs rehearsal. Now the band has gone public with this monument to self-abuse, and fans of the truly bizarre and stupid should keep an eye open and an ear cocked for its appearance.**

**And while you're waiting, real life mayhem can be yours at Paddington Town Hall on Sunday March 13, when Green Records present the final of their current Battle Of The Bands. The Troggs will be a "guest entrant" (could they ever win against Sydney's finest?), and mega fun is promised for all by some...**

Noel Crombie

## GLOBOS Prepare For Frantic Feature Film Fling!

**Melbourne's music mimics, who scored a hit last year with *Tintarella Di Luna*, have dusted off another 60s monster with vaguely Italian connections for this year's first release. Sonny Bono's *The Beat Goes On* (also recently revived by the Party Boys) hits the streets with a bounce or a thud this week.**

**But the amusing and ambitious Globos have another project on the drawing board far beyond the range of the Top 40. Under a working title of 'Earth Vs. The Globos', they're preparing to make a full-length comedy film with BEN GANNON, assistant producer of *Gallipoli* and former general manager of R & R (RUPERT Murdoch and ROBERT Stigwood) Films.**

**The plot, according to our Deep Throat, "is about a tacky mime group, The Globos, who get into all sorts of trouble when they get stuck in a time machine with a couple of shady gangsters chasing after them." (Real life drama?). But anything could happen and probably will, since the whole exercise is intended to be as harum scarum as *Head*, the classic Mankees movie.**

Someone's rumours of a **Split Enz** split are totally out the window — the lads are due back in the studio with English producer **Hugh Padgham** next month — though a couple have been pursuing some solo projects. **Tim Finn** is buried in Sydney's Festival Studios making his first solo album, with diverse talent ranging from former Stylus keyboardist **Sam McNally** to old comrades-in-horns **Joe Camilleri** and **Wilbur Wilde.** And drummer **Noel Crombie** has a solo single out this week; a reportedly 'country' styling of that wacky and ancient aberration *My Voice Keeps Changing On Me.*

Of course, it was Tim who wrote the theme song for *Puberty Blues...*

...re Sydney's **Le Hoodoo Gurus** about to sign a ...urprisingly big bucks record ...ontract? Are **Fred Bestall** and **...ance Reynolds,** proprietors ...f **Big Time Records** and one ...me **Air Supply** managers ...volved? Will *Leilani* ever ...op blowing her top and find ...ue Love? Do you give a ...ss? Will we have a ...tisfactory report on the desk ...9.30 next week...?

...t *Me Out Of Here...* it just ...isn't a good trip to ...eensland for the **Divinyls.** ...st drummer **Richard Harvey** ...s arrested for 'indecent exposure' after a gig at the Queensland Institute of Technology. It's the sort of thing that used to happen to the Rolling Stones a million years ago: the constabulary surprised Harvey obeying the call of nature in what was deemed a public place.

Then **Chrissie Amphlett** suffered the indignity of having all her underwear stolen from a dressing room — the heat and Joh sends them a little weird up North. And finally, as the band fled towards the border and sanity, they managed to collect not one, not two, but *four* speeding fines.

It's weeks like that that make a group keen to get right away from it all, which is more or less what the Divinyls will be doing at the end of this month. On March 30 they leave for a New Zealand tour, followed by a two to three-month return bout in America.

And talking of American visits, which everyone loves to do in their heart of hearts... **Ignatius Jones,** RAM Singles Reviewer Extraordinaire and sometime pop star, is off to the Land Of the Rising Gun this month to cement the album deal with WEA that we mentioned two issues back.

Could this be **Paul Weller's** answer to Culture Club? He's just taken the wraps off his new band in London, and he's called it the Style Council. Actually, it's more accurately a duo, with former Dexys organist Mick Talbot. The pair have already dashed off a single, *Speak Like A Child/ Party Chambers*, due for U.K. release on March 11: ring-in drummer for the sessions was Orange Juice's Zeke Manyika. On the subject of further members, Weller commented: "Like Robin Hood, I will be collecting members for the Style Council as I go on my merry way, but for the time being it's just me and Mick.

"He also shares a hatred of the rock myth and the rock culture," confided the rock myth.

**Fashion** will also forge on regardless following the departure of vocalist Troy Tate, who replaced Dee Harris just five months ago. The former Teardrop Explodes vocalist has cited the inevitable 'musical differences' as his reason for debunking, and intends to pursue the equally inevitable solo career.

Shattered Dreams... the hot'n' promising (*see Issue 202*) cabaret-style group, the **Dreams,** have sadly called it a day. According to keyboardist **Martin Raphael,** a no-holds-barred 'honesty session' caused a sudden collapse of personal relations.

**"You will wake up and find yourself in an extremely awkward situation..." (Pic: Bob King)**

## ANDREW NEWTON — The Hypno Seat?

The young lady feels no pain, the young man sitting on her midriff feels no pain, and they haven't even gotten around to the Giving Up Smoking or Losing Weight Section! That's 'cos they're happy little participants in a press demonstration by English 'hypnotic illusionist' ANDREW NEWTON, who is being toured in Oz by rock promoters Frontier Tours.

Frontier's involvement might explain the presence of the premier rock journo on the left (no, anonymity is our stock-in-trade, nothing, bar money, could force us to divulge his name), but it couldn't explain this particular trick to this particular RAM editor. The lady, in a hypnotic trance, was told that she was to be "extremely rigid", then laid out head and ankles, supported as you see. Then another volunteer was hauled up from the audience to test this unusual lounge. Frankly, though Newton hadn't been successful in hypnotising us, we were amazed.

Newton doesn't go in for any of the 'stare deeply into my eyes' or 'watch my swinging watch chain' routines. In a matter of minutes he assessed our susceptibility, and those that were deemed good subjects were apparently put into the trance state with little more than some deep breathing and a suggestion of command.

But for those on whom this worked... well, it seemed to work. There's the picture: the lady definitely wasn't some athletic 'assistant', and a few other routines in the hour-long show confounded even our triple distilled scepticism. Next week we're starting on a serious re-evaluation of our attitude to flying saucers...

# RAM ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

## OS TOURS NSW

**DIRE STRAITS**
March
5-7 Hordern, Sydney
11,12 Festival Hall, Brisbane
15 Canberra Sports Centre
17 Memorial Hall, Melbourne
19-21 Festival Hall, Melbourne
24 Entertainment Centre, Perth

**CLIFF RICHARD**
7 Apollo Stadium, Adelaide
12 Entertainment Centre, Perth

**PETER TOSH**
March
21 Entertainment Centre, Perth
24 Festival Hall, Brisbane
27 Bruce Sports Centre, Canberra
28 Civic Theatre, Newcastle

**JONI MITCHELL**
March
11,12 Capitol, Sydney
14 Festival Hall, Brisbane
14 Palais, Melbourne
19 Festival Theatre, Adelaide
24 Opera House, Sydney

**HERMAN'S HERMITS**
March
4 Bankstown Sports Club
5 Campbelltown RSL
6 Western Suburbs Leagues
7-11 Northern N.S.W.
12 Marrickville RSL
15 Cardiff Workers Club
16-19 Southern N.S.W.
20-27 Queensland

**THE TROGGS**
March
2 Asradome, Melbourne
3 Chevron Hotel
4 Ritchies/The Venue
5 Palladium
6 Prospect Hotel
7-10 Northern NSW
11 Roundhouse (Uni of NSW)
12 Sefton Hotel
13 Paddington Town Hall
14 Bexley North Hotel
15 Newcastle
16 Dapto Leagues
18 Campbelltown RSL
19 Royal Antler/Tivoli
20-23 Queensland
24 Governor's Pleasure/War & Peace
25 Manly Hotel
26 Western Suburbs Leagues/ Penrith Lgs.

**ACTIVE LINK:**
March 5 Corrimal Leagues Club
**AFFECTIONS:**
March 11 Belfield Hotel
March 16 Sefton Hotel
**AGENTS:**
March 4 Governors Pleasure
March 5 Selina's
March 13 Avalon RSL
**ATTITUDES:**
March 11 Sefton Hotel
**AUSTEN TAYSHUS:**
March 10 Tivoli
March 11 Sefton Hotel
March 12 Ambassadors, Newcastle
March 14 Manly Hotel
**BEATS:**
March 11 Cabbage Tree, W'gong
March 12 Royal Antler Hotel
March 16 Illawarra Yacht Club, W'gong
**BEL-AIRES:**
March 4 Caringbah Inn
**BIRDS OF PREY:**
March 4 Maroubra Seals
March 5 Royal Antler Hotel
March 12 Sefton Hotel
March 16 Dapto Leagues Club
**BLACKFEATHER:**
March 4 Sefton Hotel
March 16 Enfield Boulevarde
**BOSS:**
March 4 Sefton Hotel
March 7 Bexley North Hotel
March 16 Enfield Boulevarde
**BOWDO:**
March 16 Sefton Hotel
**BOX OF FISH:**
March 5 Sydney Trade Union Club
March 13 Sydney Trade Union Club
**BRILLIANT LADS:**
March 11 Lithgow Workers
**BRRR COLD:**
March 4 Sydney Trade Union Club
March 6 Southern Cross Hotel
**BUSHWACKERS:**
March 13 Dalton Park, Grafton
March 15 Albury S.S. and A. Club
**CAPTAIN MATCHBOX WHOOPEE BAND:**
March 4 Yoogali Club, Griffith
March 8 A.N.U., ACT
March 9 Australian Hotel, Cooma
March 10 Tathra Hotel
**CELIBATE RIFLES:**
March 5 Sydney Trade Union Club
**CHOSEN FEW:**
March 5 Sydney Trade Union Club
**CHRIS TURNER BAND:**
March 5 Corrimal Leagues Club
**COCKY LAURA:**
March 5 Enfield Boulevarde
March 6 Royal Antler Hotel
March 11 Penrith Leagues Club
March 12 Selina's
March 13 Royal Antler Hotel
**COLD CHISEL:**
March 7 Newcastle Workers Club
March 8 Wauchope RSL
March 9 Sawtell RSL
March 10 South Grafton Ex Services Club
March 15 Lismore RSL
March 16 Sawtell RSL
**CYRIL B BUNTER BAND:**
March 10 Royal Antler Hotel
March 17 Royal Antler Hotel
March 18 Sefton Hotel
**DEAR EMENY:**
March 17 Manzil Room
March 18 Cabbage Tree W'gong
**DEE MINOR AND THE DISCHORDS:**
March 4 Bexley North Hotel
March 5 Governors Pleasure
March 6 Royal Antler Hotel
March 9 Collegians Football Club, W'gong
March 11 Sefton Hotel
March 12 Doyalson RSL
March 13 Royal Antler Hotel
**DIVINYLS:**
March 16 Moss Vale Service Club
March 17 Castle Hill RSL
March 18 Caringbah Inn
**DIVISION 4:**
March 4 Southern Cross Hotel
**DRAGON:**
March 18 Royal Antler Hotel
**DROPBEARS:**
March 4 Manly Vale Hotel
March 11 Sydney Trade Union Club
**DUGITES:**
March 5 Bexley North Hotel
**THE END:**
March 6 Sydney Trade Union Club
**ESSENDON HOTEL:**
March 4 Sydney Trade Union Club
**FULL CIRCLE:**
March 4 Royal Antler Hotel
March 6 Sylvania Hotel
**THE GAME:**
March 4 Manning Bar, Sydney University
March 16 Tweed Heads Hotel
March 17 Tweed Heads Hotel
March 18 Tweed Heads Hotel
**GANGSTERS:**
March 17 Cabbage Tree, W'gong
**GREAT WHITE NOISE:**
March 18 Manning Bar, Sydney University
**GROOVEYARD:**
March 11 Governors Pleasure
**HAIKU:**
March 5 Blades
March 6 Palms
March 9 Union Hotel, Gosford
**12 ARTHUR'S COURSE:**
March 13 Palms
March 16 Blades
March 17 New York Tavern
**HEAVEN ON EARTH, PIGS:**
March 6 Southern Cross Hotel
March 13 Sydney Trade Union Club
**HITMEN:**
March 4 Royal Antler Hotel
March 5 Enfield Boulevare
March 6 Sylvania Hotel
March 10 Bayview Tavern
March 12 Corrimal Leagues Club
March 13 Campbelltown Leagues Club
**HOI POLLOI:**
March 11 Sydney Trade Union Club
March 16 Southern Cross Hotel
**HOPES NEW COAT:**
March 6 Southern Cross Hotel
**HOT ICE:**
March 10 Cabbage Tree, W'gong
**IDIOM FLESH:**
March 13 Sydney Trade Union Club
**JAMES NEWMAN:**
March 4 Covent Gardens
**JFK AND THE CUBAN CRISIS:**
March 5 Southern Cross Hotel
**THE JOHNNIES:**
March 6 Sydney Trade Union Club
**JOHNNY DEMON BAND:**
March 12 Cabbage Tree, W'gong
**KING COBRA:**
March 10 Horden Pavilion
March 14 Moby Dicks
**LA BOUCHE:**
March 5 Campbelltown RSL
March 6 Western Suburb Leagues Club
March 8 Campbelltown RSL — Late
March 11 Beatties
March 17 Beattie Street
March 18 Tourmaline Hotel
**LIONHEART**
March 4 Bexley North Hotel
**MACHINATIONS:**
March 18 Sydney Trade Union Club
**MANDRAKE:**
March 18 Belfield Hotel
**MARIO MILLO BAND:**
March 4 Campbellfield RSL
**MENTAL AS ANYTHING:**
March 12 Bruce Stadium, ACT
**MONDO ROCK:**
March 4 Caringbah Inn
March 5 Manly Vale Hotel
March 6 Parramatta Leagues Club
March 8 Albury S.S. and A. Club
March 15 Corrimal Leagues Club
March 16 Cardiff Workers
March 17 Central Coast Leagues Club
March 18 Tivoli
**MOTHER GOOSE:**
March 5 Royal Antler Hotel
March 6 St George Budapest Soccer Club
March 8 Captain Cook Hotel, Act
March 9 Enfield Boulevarde
March 10 Belmont 16' Sailing Club
March 12 Selina's
March 13 Telerah Bowling Club
March 14 Dee Why Hotel
**MR MEANER:**
March 4 Berkley Sports Club, W'gong
**MR X:**
March 4 Musicians Club
**MYSTERONS:**
March 4 Mosman Hotel
March 5 Moss Vale Hotel
March: 7 Southern Cross Hotel
March 12 Mosman Hotel
March 18 Mosman Hotel
**NATURALS:**
March 4 Royal Antler Hotel
March 5 Sefton Hotel
**NOISE:**
March 5 Bexley North Hotel
**NON-STOP DANCERS:**
March 4 Musicians Club
March 8 Mosman Hotel
March 11 Newscastle C.A.E.
March 17 Mosman Hotel
**NUMBERS:**
March 9 Moss Vale Ex Services Club
March 10 Cabbage Tree, W'gong
March 11 San Miguel Inn
March 12 Selina's
March 13 Avalon RSL
**PAUL KELLY AND THE DOTS:**
March 7 Manzil Room
March 8 Lismore Italo Club
March 15 Bathurst C.A.E.
March 16 Bondi Tram
March 17 Bayview Tavern
March 18 The Governors Pleasure
**PEAK HOUR:**
March 5 Manly Rugby Union Club
March 12 Cabbage Tree, W'gong
March 15 Corrimal Leagues Club
**PEL MEL:**
March 16 Musicians Club
March 17 Mona Vale Hotel
March 18 San Miguel Inn
**PRIVATE LIVES:**
March 5 Hopetoun Hotel
March 12 Hopetoun Hotel
**PROPHECY:**
March 4 Miranda Hotel
March 5 Blacktown RSL
March 7 Bondi Tram
March 11 Locomotive Hotel, Tamworth
March 12 Gunnedah Outdoor Concert
March 13 Regal Hotel, Gunnedah
March 16 Teranora Country Club
March 18 Tatta Hotel, Lismore
**Q.V.'s:**
March 12 Enfield Boulevarde
**RAIDERS:**
March 5 Cabbage Tree, W'gong
March 18 Royal Antler Hotel
**RAMS:**
March 4 Dee Why Hotel
March 5 Beattie Street
March 11 Beattie Street
March 12 Gunnedah Hotel
**RATBAGS OF RHYTHM:**
March 8 Bondi Tram
March 9 Southern Cross Hotel
March 11 Campbelltown Leagues Club
March 12 Ambassadors, Newcastle
March 15 Collegians Football Club, W'gong
March 18 Campbelltown RSL
**RIGID WITH DESIRE:**
March 4 Tourmaline Hotel
March 11 Sydney Trade Union Club
**RODNEY RUDE:**
March 9 Sydney Trade Union Club
March 16 Sydney Trade Union Club
**RUPERT B:**
March 4 Macquarie University — Lunch Time
March 4 Bluegum Hotel
March 5 Manly Vale Hotel
March 5 Sydney Cove Tavern — Late.
March 6 Campbelltown Leagues Club
March 15 Corrimal Leagues Club
March 17 Central Coast Leagues Club
**SAFEHOUSE:**
March 18 Sydney Trade Union Club
**SAMURAI TRASH:**
March 10: Southern Cross Hotel
March 17: Southern Cross Hotel
**SARDINE:**
March 12 Sydney Trade Union Club
March 15 Southern Cross Hotel
**SCATERED ORDER:**
March 4 Sydney Trade Union Club
**SCIENTISTS:**
March 12 Sydney Trade Union Club
**SCREAMING TRIBESMEN:**
March 6 Sydney Trade Union Club
March 11 Governors Pleasure
**SLOW METRO:**
March 4 Mona Vale Hotel
**SNAKE:**
March 4 Southern Districts Tennis Club
March 5 Dee Why Hotel
March 9 Port Macquarie Bowling Club
March 10 Taree RSL
March 11 Kempsey RSL
March 12 Sydney Cove Tavern
March 18 Bluegum Hotel
**SOGGY PORRIDGE:**
March 12 Sydney Trade Union Club
**SPEEDBOAT:**
March 18 Sydney Trade Union Club
**STEVEN CUMMINGS:**
March 9 Manzil Room
March 10 Caringbah Inn
March 11 Royal Antler Hotel
March 12 Tivoli
March 13 Tivoli
**STORMY MONDAY:**
March 18 Yoogali Club, Griffith
**STRANGE DESIRE:**
March 4 Tourmaline Hotel
March 6 Narrabeen RSL
March 18 Bluegum Hotel
**STRIKA:**
March 9 Sefton Hotel
March 12 Enfield Boulevarde
**SWEET POISON:**
March 4 Musicians Club
**TABLEWAITERS:**
March 4 Governors Pleasure
March 5 Dapto Leagues Club
**THE MOST:**
March 12 Southern Cross Hotel
**TMG:**
March 4 Waratah-Mayfield RSL Newcastle
March 5 Collegians Football Club Newscastle
March 9 North Cronulla Leagues Club
March 11 Springwood RSL
March 12 Blacktown RSL
March 16 Canberra Labor Club
March 17 Cootamundra Country Club
March 18 Australian Hotel, Cooma
**TOTAL FIRE BAND:**
March 4 Royal Antler Hotel
March 5 Sefton Hotel
March 9 Royal Antler Hotel
March 10 Union Hotel, Gosford
March 11 Comb 'N' Cutter
March 12 Cessnock Supporters Club
March 16 Royal Antler Hotel
March 17 War and Peace
March 18 Sylvania Hotel
**TURNAROUND:**
March 4 Cabbage Tree, W'gong
**TWO BOB WATCH:**
March 5 Didi's
March 10 Bayview Tavern
March 17 Collegians Football Club W'gong
March 17 Bayview Tavern
**UNION T:**
March 4 Belfield Hotel
**UPPER HAND:**
March 18 Cabbage Tee, W'gong
**VICKY O'KEEFE BAND:**
March 4 Blacktown Soccer Club
March 5 Cabbage Tree, W'gong
March 7 Blades
March 8 Epping Hotel
March 9 Illawarra Yacht Club, W'gong
March 11 Sydney Cove Tavern
March 14 Blades
March 15 Epping Hotel
March 16 Moby Dicks
March 17 Kareela Golf Club
March 18 Wyong Leagues Club
**VOLT EDGE:**
March 4 Shellharbour Inn
March 11 Blacktown RSL
March 18 Endeavour Hotel
**WICKETTY WACK:**
March 4 Whispers
March 10 Taree RSL
March 11 Campsie RSL
March 12 Guilford Leagues Club
March 15 Didi's
March 17 Southern Cross Hotel
March 18 Windsor RSL
**WART:**
March 4 Mona Vale Hotel
March 6 Tivoli
March 8 Tivoli
March 9 Cardiff Workers
March 12 Governors Pleasure
March 13 Sonia's
March 17 Castle Hill RSL
March 18 Ambassadors, Newcastle
**YA YA CHORAL:**
March 4 Sydney Trade Union Club
March 5 Mona Vale Hotel
March 12 Sydney Cove Tavern
**ZOO:**
March 9: Sefton Hotel
March 11: Royal Antler Hotel

## VIC

**ABBEY ROAD:**
March 4 Sound Bowl, Ballarat
March 10 Sherbourn Hotel, An Affair
March 5 Central Club
**AS U LIKE IT:**
March 4 St Kilda Football Club
**AZLAN:**
March 12 Waltzing Matilda
**BLACKFEATHER:**
March 9 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool
March 10 Armadale Hotel
**CAPTAIN MATCHBOX WHOOPEE BAND:**
March 11 Astradome
March 12 The Venue
March 14 Foundry Arms Hotel
**COVERS:**
March 5 Waltzing Matilda
March 12 Beaumaris Hotel
March 18 Summerville Hotel
**DIVINYLS:**
March 10 Cross Keys Hotel
March 11 Prince of Wales
March 12 Village Green
**DO-BE-DO:**
March 4 Armadale Hotel
March 5 Westernport Hotel
March 11 Armadale Hotel
**EELS:**
March 5 Grainstore Tavern
March 8 Myer Music Bowl
March 10 Billboard
**ESKALATOR:**
March 5 Aberdeen Hotel
**EXPOZAY:**
March 4 Armadale Hotel
March 5 Club Chevron
March 6 Myer Music Bowl
March 9 Billboard
March 10 Club Chevron
**FUGITIVE FLIGHT:**
March 4 Beaumaris Hotel
March 5 Astradome
March 11 Beaumaris Hotel
March 17 North Melbourne Football Club
March 18 Beaumaris Hotel
**GANGSTERS:**
March 4 North Melbourne Football Club
March 5 Beaumaris Hotel
March 11 St Kilda Football Club
March 12 Pincent Hotel
March 18 Shellharbour Inn
**GHETTO BLASTERS:**
March 10 Aberdeen Hotel
March 17 Aberdeen Hotel
**GIANTS:**
March 4 Irympie Hotel
March 9 Privincial Hotel
March 12 Astradome
March 17 Pier Hotel
March 18 North Melbourne Football Club
**GIMMIX:**
March 5 Provincial Hotel
**IDIO SYNCRO:**
March 4 Club Hotel, Sale
March 12 De Marco's Hotel
**KEVINS:**
March 8 Myer Music Bowl
**LEARN TO DANCE:**
March 4 Bombay Rock
March 5 Macy's
**LE CLUB FOOT:**
March 7 Rock Stage at Moomba
March 8 Melbourne University — Lunchtime
March 10 Marquee
March 11 Club Chevron
March 12 Myer Music Bowl
March 16 Prahran Tech
March 17 Marquee
March 18 The Venue
**LIQUID ENGINEERS:**
March 4 Moomba
March 4 Bombay Rock — Late
**LISA BADE BAND:**
March 4 Myer Music Bowl
March 5 Dorset Gardens Hotel
March 5 Mainstream — Late
March 10 Club Chevron
March 11 Cross Keys Hotel
**LITTLE MURDERS:**
March 4 The Venue
March 5 Mainstream
**LITTLE RIVER BAND:**
March 4 Myer Music Bowl
**MODELS:**
March 9 Club Chevron
March 10 Dorset Gardens Hotel
**THE NAME:**
March 4 Cross Keys Hotel
March 6 Prospect Hill Hotel
March 10 Cross Keys Hotel
**NIGHTHAWKS:**
March 4 Aberdeen Hotel
March 5 Waurn Ponds Hotel
March 9 Westernport Hotel
March 11 Aberdeen Hotel
March 18 Aberdeen Hotel
**NO FIXED ADDRESS:**
March 4 Moomba
March 5 Prospect Hill Hotel
March 6 Pier Hotel
**NO NONSENSE:**
March 4 Melbourne University — Early
March 4 Central Club — Late
March 5 Bombay Rock
March 6 Myer Music Bowl
March 8 Grainstore Tavern
March 10 London Tavern Hotel
**OFFBEAT:**
March 5 Aberdeen Hotel
**THE ONES:**
March 4 Pier Hotel
March 5 Moomba
**ORPHANS:**
March 5 The Venue
**PASSION:**
March 4 Toorak State College
March 5 Station Hotel
March 9 Fitzroy Football Club
March 11 Club Chevron
March 12 Bombay Rock
March 16 Club Chevron
**PEL MEL:**
March 12 Venetian Room, Hotel Francis
**PHIL MANNING BAND:**
March 4 Eureka Hotel
March 5 Cross keys Hotel
March 8 Club Chevron
March 9 Myer Music Bowl
**PRIMAL TEARS:**
March 4 Croxton Park Hotel
March 5 Bombay Rock
March 8 Club Chevron
March 10 Armadale Hotel
**RACKETTS:**
March 5 Bombay Rock
March 6 Myer Music Bowl
**REAL LIFE:**
March 4 Myer Music Bowl
March 5 Macy's
March 9 Billboard
March 10 Deacon University
March 11 Village Green
March 12 Moomba
March 13 Mainstream
**RENEE GEYER:**
March 4 Armadale Hotel
March 5 Doncaster Inn
March 6 Mainstream
**THE RICH:**
March 10 Moomba
**ROCK STEADY:**
March 4 Fame Club
March 5 Croxton Park Hotel
March 7 Billboard
March 11 North Melbourne Football Club
March 12 Croxton Park Hotel
March 17 Beaumaris Hotel
**ROSANNA'S RAIDERS:**
March 5 De Marco's
March 12 Provincial Hotel
**RUNNERS:**
March 4 Cross Keys Hotel
March 5 Ocean Grove Hotel
**SCARLETT:**
March 4 Club Chevron
March 5 Myer Music Bowl
**SHORT STORY:**
March 5 Prospect Hill — Early
March 5 Myer Music Bowl
March 7 Club Chevron
**SOLETWISTERS:**
March 5 Armadale Hotel
March 10 The Venue
**SPANIARDS:**
March 4 Prospect Hill Hotel
March 5 Caledonian Hotel, Wonthaggi
March 6 Myer Music Bowl
March 9 Foundry Arms Hotel
March 10 Billboard
**STEVEN CUMMINGS:**
March 16 Billboard
March 18 Club Chevron
**STORMY MONDAY:**
March 8 Summerville Hotel
March 9 Eureka Hotel
March 10 Beaumaris Hotel
March 12 Dorset Gardens Hotel
March 14 Billboard
March 16 Croydon Hotel
March 17 De Marco's Hotel
**STRANGE IDOLS:**
March 5 The Venue
**SURVIVAL:**
March 4 Dandy Hotel
March 5 Billboard
March 9 Croydon Hotel
March 10 Pier Hotel
March 17 Canopy Club
March 18 St Kilda Football Club
**TAILOR MADE:**
March 4 Village Green
March 5 Cross Keys Hotel
March 10 Club Chevron
**THESE ARE:**
March 4 Prospect Hill Hotel
March 5 Myer Music Bowl
March 9 Club Chevron
**TINSLEY WATERHOUSE BAND:**
March 4 Foundry Arms Hotel
March 5 Myer Music Bowl
March 5 Station Hotel — Late
March 7 Club Chevron
March 10 Eureka Hotel
**TONY CATZ BAND:**
March 4 Council Club Hotel
March 5 Club Chevron
March 10 Waurn Ponds Hotel
**TOUR DE FORCE:**
March 4 Grainstore Tavern
March 5 Hotel Continental
March 10 Myer Music Bowl
**TROGGS:**
March 4 Council Club Hotel
March 5 Manhatten Hotel
March 5 Billboard — Late
March 6 Prospect Hill Hotel
March 10 Prospect Hill Hotel
**TURKEYS:**
March 4 De Marco's
March 5 Pier Hotel
March 11 De Marco's
March 12 Pier Hotel
March 18 De Marco's
**UNCANNY X-MEN:**
March 4 Pier Hotel
March 5 Myer Music Bowl
March 5 Club Chevron — Late
**WILD FRONTIER:**
March 5 The Venue
March 7 Prospect Hill Hotel
March 10 Myer Music Bowl

***How To Use the RAM ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE***
***1. PUNTERS: Buy RAM. Read Guide. Go to fave gigs.***
***2. ADVERTISERS: RAM hits the streets around Australia on the second and fourth Fridays of each month. Our production time is one week, so we need your info by the first and second Friday. Please note that you will need to be thinking up to THREE weeks in advance.***
***Mail details to RAM GUIDE, 7th Floor, 50 Margaret St., Sydney 2000 or phone details to Michelle on (02) 298 164 or (best of all) Telex details to RAM GUIDE on AGESYD 21383***

## QLD

**BIG RED:**
March 4 Playroom
**COLD CHISEL:**
March 11 Playroom
March 12 Playroom
March 13 Playroom
**GOANNA:**
March 4 Q.I.T.
March 5 Surfair Hotel
March 6 Jet Club
**GREAT WHITE NOISE:**
March 5 Australian National
March 6 Royal Mail Hotel
**NUMBERS:**
March 4 Jindalee
March 5 Jet Club
March 6 National Hotel
**PUAL KELLY AND THE DOTS:**
March 9 Mansfield Hotel
March 11 Queensland University
March 13 Bombay Rock

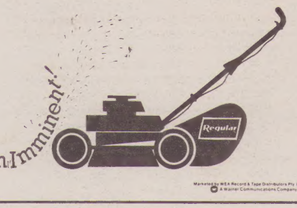
## SA

**AUSTEN TAYSHUS:**
March 17 Lark and Tina's
March 18 Lark and Tina's
**CAPTAIN MATCHBOX WHOOPEE BAND:**
March 18 'Tavern' Flinders University
**DEL WEBB EXPLOSION:**
March 6 Tivoli Hotel
March 11 Adelaide University
March 12 Union Hotel
**DIVINYLS:**
March 4 Stagedoor
March 5 Stagedoor
**MENTAL AS ANYTHING:**
(Adelaide University Orientation Ball)
March 11 Barr Smith Lawns and the Mayo Refectory
**PEL MEL:**
March 10 Tivoli Hotel
March 10 Lark and Tina's — Late
**REELS:**
(Adelaide University Orientation Ball)
March 11 Barr Smith Lawns and the Mayo Refectory
**STORMY MONDAY:**
March 4 Old Lion Hotel
March 5 Bridgeway Tavern
March 6 Findon Hotel
March 7 Findon Hotel

## WA

**DIVINYLS:**
March 6 Old Melbourne Hotel
March 7 Old Melbourne Hotel
March 8 Old Melbourne Hotel
**BIG RED:**
March 4 Playroom
**COLD CHISEL:**
March 11 Playroom


We Were Almost 'Creatures Of Leisure'
Now We're Playing For Your Listening Pleasure




Mental as Anything Creatures of Leisure Album Imminent!


TURN TO PAGE 29 TURN TO PAGE 29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# Transit Lounge

PEOPLE EVENTS THINGS ON THE MOVE

U.K. Misfits — Jim Toomey, Vic Young, Ronnie Thomas

## U.K. MISFITS (We Should Be So Lucky?)

The cheerful trio pictured is a new band formed in Sydney by expatriate Brits. with track records stretching back to the 60s in UK rock. **Ronnie Thomas** (the self-styled 'Heavy Metal Ronnie'), has been here over a year, since immigrating via America; **Vic 'Ginger' Young** was apparently something of a Stiff Records habituee, working with Micky Jupp and Lene Lovich among others; and **Jim 'Do It' Toomey** — gawd, we haven't seen nicknames like these since editing the highschool year book — has decided Oz is the place to be, despite the fact that one of his former bands, the **Tourists,** broke up while on tour here a year or so back.

"The main influences are obviously English 60s and 70s music," says the press release, "but they have a growing respect for the new Australian sound, and nights off are spent catching as many Aussi bands as possible. . . the group is soaking up new influences and the new songs now being recorded reflect the way exiled Poms see the Australia of today."

*"We Can't Be Beaten. . ."* A number of brawlers from the Port Kembla area near Wollongong decided to test the truth of the **Rose Tattoo** refrain when the band played there last week. A fight erupted after the gig in which the Tatts' crew sustained injuries ranging from 30-stitch gashes to broken jaws: apparently the preferred duelling weapon of the local gentry is a large hunk of 4 x 2. However, our informant maintains that the Tatts' party, led by a diminutive bald bloke swinging a mike stand, gave the locals a few interesting things to think about.

Special gigs you have already seen or missed dept. . . On Sunday February 27, Sydney's **Harbour Agency** has organised a benefit for the **Bushfire Appeal:** the **Radiators,** the **Goanna Band, Dragon,** the **Dugites,** the **Expression** and hypnotist **Andrew Newton** (see elsewhere in *Transit Lounge*) will be donating their services.

And r'n'b/rockabilly forces of the inner western suburbs will establish a new front in the city central. The 'Blue Beat Breakdown' night at the Tivoli will feature the **Ratbags Of Rhythm** celebrating the release of their six track EP, *Dingoes' Revenge.*

Why live in a flat when you can afford the block? Or why put up with testy neighbours when you can buy them out? Both noble sentiments of the fairly flush **Ron Wood,** co-director of noted multinational, the Rolling Stones. Like, Ron loves to party — all night. When disgruntled neighbours in his New York apartment block threatened to have him evicted, what else could a rich boy do. . . 'cept go out and buy the whole building?

sleep, and his *music* is a background mush designed to upset insomniacs." Sound like anyone you know? Actually, it refers to **Iva Davies,** at least in the eyes of *Melody Maker* scribe Paul Strange. Seems the two didn't exactly strike up a lasting rapport during their interview, though there were two compliments slung Iva's way: (1) "He's totally honest", and (2) "He hates Men At Work". You shoulda heard the *slurs!!*

"Me party — you pay rent!"

Nothin' but the blues. . . bar the next **Yazoo** album for the duo's singing half, Genevieve 'Alf' Moyet. Her plans to front a new blues outfit have been set back pending completion of the second Yazoo album. She's wanted to get the project under way for some time, and it's unlikely to involve partner Vince Clarke. A spokesman for Yazoo's record company revealed that Alf had negotiated with producer Tony Visconti (Bowie, Thin Lizzy, Boomtown Rats) re the blues venture, but added: "Alf has decided that outside projects should take a back seat until the Yazoo album is done", which should be within the next three months. Solid reasoning in view of the shrinking viability of da blues these days. . .

"His conversation is a succession of meaningless platitudes, his toneless Australian drawl induces

But there's always a new band or two (or twenty) coming over the horizon. The **Sneaking Suspicions** is a new outfit formed by **Gary Hosie** with other members of the Sets. "But this is definitely not a Mod band," states Hosie, sometime editor of Sydney mod fanzine *Shake And Shout.* "Just r'n'b."

Will the **Clash** bow to the electronic beat? One wonders, as the band issued a recent statement to the effect they will continue as a three-piece following the departure of Terry Chimes, who has guested as drummer for the best part of a year. Chimes intends to pick up the threads of his own neglected projects, while the Clash will press on with plans to record a new single: no decision has been made as to a replacement for Chimes, but who could really imagine the Clash with a drum machine?

**THE OUT-OF-WORK EXPERIENCE. . . Nobody can make it better, save an employer with a well-paid, interesting job. But while you're waiting for that and a blue moon, a lady called CHERYL PAUL is compiling a book on Alternatives For The Unemployed, OR How To Survive An Economic Crisis, and you could plug into it right now. The book is intended to "help the jobless use their time creatively and help them work towards fulfilling their lives": it will contain lists of community organisations, unions and government bodies that people with bulk time and no income could get information, advice and help from. If you or your organisation have something you'd like to see included in this book, contact Cheryl at Box 500, St. Kilda West, Vic. 3182, or ring (03) 534 3215.**

## EMERALD CITY Original Song Contest Winners Collect

**Sydney recording studio Emerald City received over 75 entries in their original song contest. Winners were local band FIRST DOG IN SPACE, with their composition *Superficial Touch;* they pick up 25 hours of studio time with tape supplied by Agfa Gaevert. Runners up were FAIR WARNING with *Easy Love,* penned by lead singer Naomi Warne.**

First Dog In Space — Kris Svensen, Jackie Wilson and Shaun Wilson — flanked by Emerald City capitanos John Levine (left) and John Seleika (right)

## 2JJJ — The High Content, High Fibre Programmes!

Looking for a well-balanced, healthy but scintillating aural diet? Looking for a brand of radio fare so chumpy you could carve it? Experienced Sydney listeners agree that it's hard to go past the heavyweight programmes at Triple Jay.

First (and weightiest — gramme for gramme) is the reinstated **Off The Record:** Sunday arvos with **Jonathon** 'Fat Boy' **Coleman** and his hulking maid **Danno Mabooto.** Then on Mondays at 9.00 pm there's the appropriately named **Monday Night Live;** ancient and recent and guaranteed unique live recordings of local and overseas acts, captured at great personal risk by the station's engineering staff.

There's more plundering of the archives on Wednesdays at 10.00 pm. **Jolts From The Vaults** is a series of interviews and special features on important, or at least interesting figures in the contemporary music landscape. Some of these are quite brilliant and some are quite out the window, and you can test this fact by checking out either the **Gang Of Four** on March 9, or **Laurie Andersen** on March 16.

And talking of out-the-window comes a recent press release describing something called the **Gladys Moncrieff Express.** "All the rules of popular radio are thrown away — the most unlikely material is juxtaposed. . . Poetry, latin chants, Sir Robert Menzies, Ronnie Biggs. . . all are turned over on the lounge room carpet. . . inevitably a story develops as the series develops, but it is incidental to the serious business of daydreaming. . ."

We haven't yet managed to stay home on a Sunday night at 8.00 pm to see how this differs from the usual Triple J dementia, but it sounds reasonably big.

It all takes a helluva lot of listening — and we haven't even mentioned the long-running Japanese music series **Nippi Rock Shop,** Stuart Matchet's Studio Guests, or Peter Doyle's avant garde programme or any other radio stations or anything. . . Don't you reckon life is really full and wonderful?

# LONDON CALLING

BRITAIN TODAY — queues and queues of faceless grey figures waiting for their handouts, the stink of humiliation mixes with the haze of cigarette smoke. The young and the old; they're all here, the great British nation. While outside, strange affluence grows wilder by the day. In bright shop windows, new Japanese technology; man is being haunted by the machines he has built.

Feel it as you walk any shopping centre: bitterness and confusion, the dream has been sold, and now the pre-packed blandness of the Pop culture meets the recession under the shadow of the bomb. So where are today's new leaders, the people with vision, the rebels?

The truth is we have no rebels. Youth culture in this country is no longer a force for change, but part of a long tradition stretching back beyond James Dean. New wave after new wave has swopped attitudes, altered music and fashion at increasingly shorter intervals, until it is no longer possible to make any sense. Age no longer matters — it's a case of being tough enough to beat it. Now leather and denim are the wear on the street. Last year's flirtation with cultural and political experimentation has given way to a grim determination to play the rules and survive.

No one is as serious about music as they used to be. Like everything else, it has its place; the young British are more likely to design clothes than play in a rock band. The whole nation has toughened up. Some have gone under (inevitable), but what counts is the grim, steely-faced will that has been born. Clothes are simple and functional: hardwearing jeans, the cowboy look, leather and suede, cheap and tough American imports from 'Flip' in London, and in the more expensive shops, leather still dominates. Today's British fashion is an outward statement of those people who are hard enough to beat it.

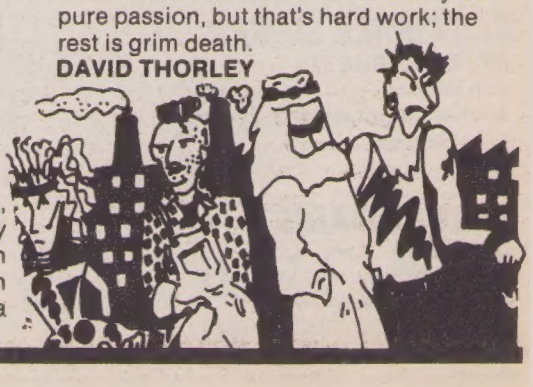
In discos, enjoyment is something that is pursued with almost religious intensity. Sweat and funk, grim-faced rockers clutch cans of beer desperately searching for the kind of pleasure that can never come. Rape, divorce, nervous breakdown are all on the increase as it becomes increasingly difficult to keep afloat. The rise of Mrs. Thatcher and her conservative ideals has ended experimentation, sex for fun, pop music, and in their place, morals, purity and dub/scratch. It's for real now. Those who have jobs take the knocks and cling to what they have, those who have nothing to lose — and that's dangerous.

From every club and bar, each weekend, London calls with heart and soul, to every one of you, for a new and realistic fashion and music. It's shaping up, fitter than before, calmer in appearance, but with a depth and intensity: Wham!, Dexy's Midnight Runners, Culture Club, The Beat, Musical Youth, the music is diverse, all tastes are catered for, but feeling unites them all. It's a way of life, and it's real life that counts, the rest is just playing.

The spirit is still there — it never left, you just have to look harder, that's all. It's shabbier, less confident, but it's holding on with energy, fighting the cultural numbness that threatens to destroy the heart of our generation. Realistic talk, practical help are now in conversation, a straighter mentality.

Moments in Britain in the 80s may be pure passion, but that's hard work; the rest is grim death.

**DAVID THORLEY**



# RAM 1982

**The biggest shakeup in several polls. . . Last time 15 categories returned the same winner as the year before: this year only 9 crowns were held. Among local talent Midnight Oil and INXS peaked while former big vote-catchers like Australian Crawl and the Sunnyboys vanished almost without trace, and Cold Chisel and the Church showed slight dips and rises respectively.**

**Simple Minds reinforced the tremendous impression they made with their first Oz exposure in '81, dominating lots of categories as the Police had in previous years. The Jam and the Clash were increasingly solid favorites — the former's split obviously affected lots of people.**

**As the loser on March 5 will say, the numbers aren't everything: and fortunately the RAM Readers Poll is not quite as crucial to our lives as a general election. But it's always good to know what you-all care about. . .**

Joe Camilleri — Best Horn

## On International Talent

Simple Minds — Top O.S. Group

### BEST KEYBOARDIST
**DON WALKER**
Andrew Duffield
Eddie Rayner
(*Don Walker*)

### BEST BASS PLAYER
**STEVE KILBEY**
Phil Small
Peter Gifford/Gary Beers
(*Phil Small*)

### BEST DRUMMER
**ROB HIRST**
Jon Farriss
Richard Ploog
(*Rob Hirst*)

### BEST HORN PLAYER
**JOE CAMILLERI**
Greg Ham
Kirk Pengilly
(*Greg Ham*)

### BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST
**GREG HAM** (Flute)
Greedy Smith (Harmonica)
James Reyne (Harmonica)
(*Greg Ham*)

### TOP O.S. GROUP
**SIMPLE MINDS**
The Jam
The Clash
(*The Police*)

### TOP INTERNATIONAL TOURIST
**SIMPLE MINDS**
The Clash
Madness
(*Simple Minds*)

### WORST INTERNATIONAL TOURIST
**HUMAN LEAGUE**
Duran Duran
Joan Jett & The Blackhearts
(*Adam & The Ants*)

### BEST FEMALE SINGER
**KIM WILDE**
Siouxsie Sioux
Pat Benatar
(*Chrissie Hynde*)

### BEST MALE SINGER
**JIM KERR**
Paul Weller
Bruce Springsteen
(*Sting*)

### BEST GUITARIST
**MARK KNOPFLER**
Paul Weller
Andy Summers
(*Andy Summers*)

### BEST KEYBOARDIST
**MICHAEL McNEILL**
Nick Rhodes
Elton John
(*Elton John*)

### BEST BASS PLAYER
**BRUCE FOXTON**
Derek Forbes
John Taylor
(*Sting*)

### BEST DRUMMER
**RICK BUCKLER**
Stewart Copeland
Phil Collins
(*Stewart Copeland*)

### BEST HORN PLAYER
**LEE THOMPSON**
Andy Mackay
Clarence Clemmons
(*Clarence Clemmons*)

### BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST
**BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN** (Harmonica)
Ian Anderson (Flute)
Simon Le Bon (Tambourine)
(*Ian Anderson*)

### BEST PRODUCER/ENGINEER
**MARTIN RUSHENT**
Nick Launay
Bob Clearmountain
(*Hugh Padgham*)

### BEST SONGWRITER
**PAUL WELLER**
Sting
Joe Jackson
(*Sting*)

Yazoo — Best New Act (Pic: A. Boot/LFI)

### BEST NEW ACT
**YAZOO**
Culture Club
ABC
(*Simple Minds*)

## On Local Talent

### TOP OZ GROUP
**MIDNIGHT OIL**
INXS
Cold Chisel
(*Cold Chisel*)

Midnight Oil — Top Group (Pic: Bob King)

### BEST FEMALE SINGER
**CHRISSIE AMPHLETT**
Julie Mostyn
Annalisse Morrow
(*Sharon O'Neill*)

### BEST MALE SINGER
**PETER GARRETT**
Jim Barnes
Michael Hutchence
(*Jim Barnes*)

### BEST GUITARIST
**IAN MOSS**
Martin Rotsey
Peter Koppes
(*Ian Moss*)

### BEST PRODUCER/ENGINEER
**MARK OPITZ**
Tony Cohen
Lobby Loyde
(*Mark Opitz*)

### BEST SONGWRITER
**STEVE KILBEY**
Iva Davies
Don Walker
(*Don Walker*)

### BEST NEW ACT
**GOANNA**
Hunters And Collectors
Deckchairs Overboard
(*Men At Work*)

# Readers Poll Results

## On Record

### TOP 3 ALBUMS
**10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 (Midnight Oil)**
New Gold Dream (Simple Minds)
Circus Animals (Cold Chisel)
(*Sirocco*)

The Clash — O.S. Single Of The Year

### TOP 3 SINGLES
**ROCK THE CASBAH (The Clash)**
Almost With You (The Church)
Don't Change (INXS)
(*Start Me Up*)

### BEST OZ ALBUM
**10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1, (Midnight Oil)**
Shabooh Shoobah (INXS)
Circus Animals (Cold Chisel)/Primitive Man (Icehouse)
(*Sunnyboys*)

### BEST OZ SINGLE
**DON'T CHANGE (INXS)**
Almost With You (The Church)
What About Me? (Moving Pictures)
(*Down Under*)

### BEST ALBUM THAT NEVER MADE THE CHARTS
**SEND ME A LULLABY (The Go-Betweens)**
The Dreaming (Kate Bush)
Tin Drum (Japan)
(*Sound Affects*)

Mini — Fashion Of The Year (gaffer tape optional)

### ALL TIME FAVE ALBUM
**EAST (Cold Chisel)**
Dark Side Of The Moon (Pink Floyd)
London Calling (The Clash)
*(East)*

## On The Fringe

### EVENT OF THE YEAR
**The JAM Split**
Circus Animals Concerts
Duran Duran/Midnight Oil concerts
(*Tanelorn*)

The Jam Split — Event Of The Year

### RIPOFF OF THE YEAR
**RECORD PRICES**
Concert Prices
(*Album price increase*)

### OUTRAGEOUSLY-OVER-THE-TOP-PERSONALITY OF THE YEAR
**IAN MELDRUM**
Jonathon Coleman
John Cooper Clarke
(*Ian Meldrum*)

### ALBUM COVER OF THE YEAR
**10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1, (Midnight Oil)**
Circus Animals (Cold Chisel)
The Blurred Crusade (The Church)
(*Place Without A Postcard*)

### POSTER OF THE YEAR
**2JJJ's 'EXPLODING HEAD'**
The Goanna Band
(10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1)

Over-the-top Jonathon Coleman (Pic: P. Jones)

### RADIO JOCK OF THE YEAR
**DOUG MULRAY**
George Wayne
Lee Simon
(*George Wayne*)

### BEST ROCK FILM CLIP
**TALKING TO A STRANGER (Hunters And Collectors)**
Rock The Casbah (The Clash)
Down Under (Men At Work)
(*Vienna*)

### WORST ROCK FILM CLIP
**I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME (Charlene)**
I Ran (A Flock Of Seagulls)
Da Da Da (Trio)/What About Me? (Moving Pictures)

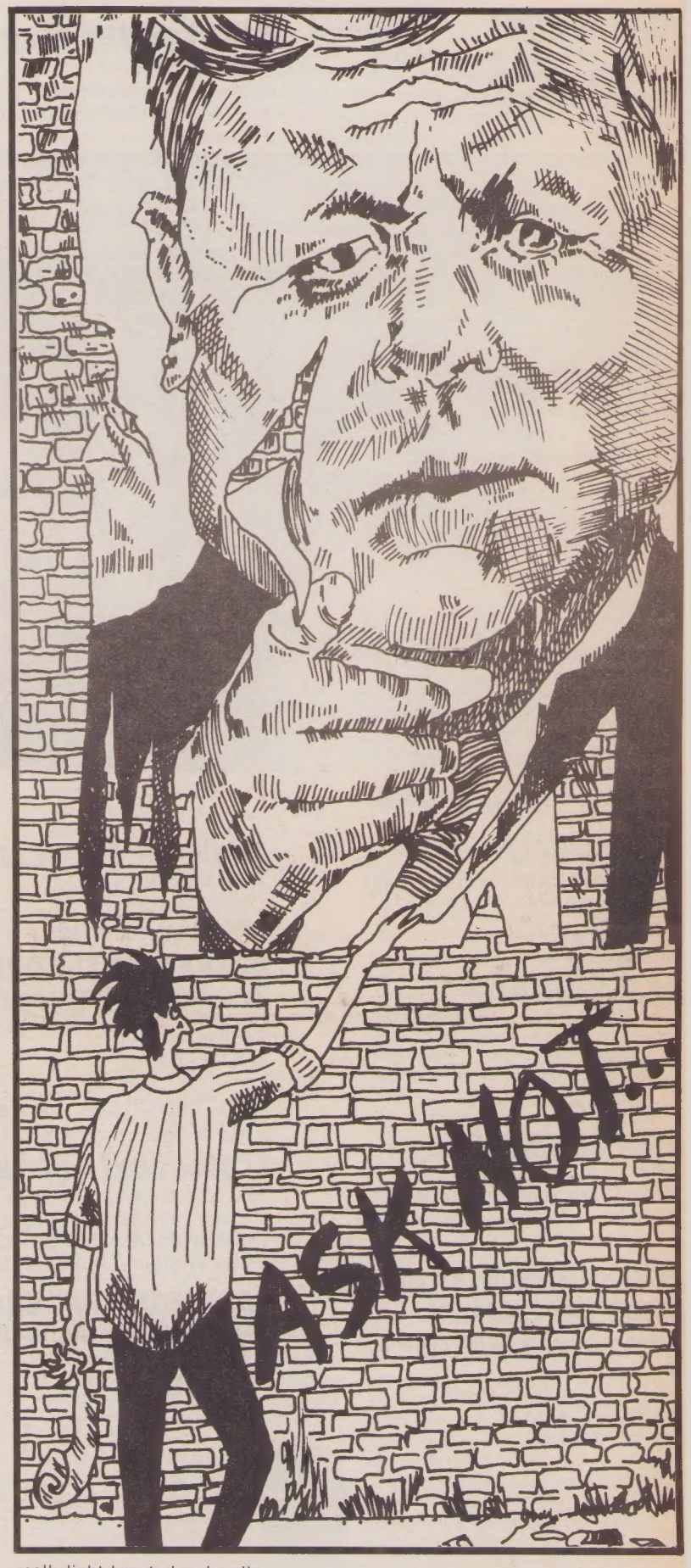
### HYPE OF THE YEAR
**DURAN DURAN**
Moving Pictures
ABC

Duran Duran — Hype Of The Year (Pic: Paul Cox/LFI)

### FASHION OF THE YEAR
**MINI SKIRTS**
Rock T-Shirts
Punk
(*New Romantic*)

# JFK & THE CUBAN CRISIS — Life After Death!

JFK & the Cuban Crisis — Paul Rochelli, John Kennedy, Greg Hall, and James Paterson.




TWO DECADES ago this year in Dallas Texas, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was gunned down, just as circumstantial rumblings began to threaten his political (and personal) credibility — Fidel Castro questioned his el supremo stance on foreign relations, and wife Jackie may well have questioned his fidelity. . . his hitherto hallowed name had been linked with that of the similarly luminous Marilyn Monroe. Tongues had been wagging at a speed befitting that of the bullet that killed him — seemed character assassination loomed as large as the literal kind.

Three years ago this decade in Brisbane, Queensland, John Francis Kennedy formed JFK & The Cuban Crisis with songwriting cohort James Paterson: they were determined their songs not meet a similar fate.

Though it has its share of rednecks, Brisbane ain't no Dallas; but it's sure one hell of a place to keep a band alive. Rock'n'roll snipers shoot down venues like clay pigeons — as soon as one becomes reasonably established, it's deemed a threat to Queensland's Moral Majority. Custodian of the ammunition is the State Licensing Commission, notorious for its uncanny Acts Of God: The Lord Giveth, the L.C. finds a reason to Take Away. Three years ago, an inner city licence was revoked just weeks after being granted. The reason (convenient loophole)? 'Insufficient fire escapes' — an anomaly that sat squarely on the face of the rigorous inspection charade that would normally precede the granting of a live music licence. But why would they wait? Because by then, bands (and their promoters, if they were exclusive enough) would have gone to considerable expense to advertise the gig. (Street postering has been illegal in Queensland for as long as rock'n'roll has tried to survive.) So, as has recently become the case in Sydney, it was *hit 'em where it hurts: make 'em pay more for their illicit fun!*

Along with virtually every other north-of-the-border band, JFK & the Cuban Crisis were forced to knuckle under and play covers on the Brisbane suburban barn circuit, or DIE. JFK chose death, but unlike their namesake, elected to resurrect — in Sydney.

They may have rolled away the stone, but it's taken three *years* to find the combination. Though guitarists John Kennedy and James Paterson have remained constant, their rhythm sections have been ever-shifting.

"The last drummer we had before moving to Sydney was playing with three other bands besides us," says John. "It was the only way he could make any sort of a living out of music in Brisbane."

As JFK were barely managing to score one gig a week, that seems entirely plausible. Like up there, unless you're human jukeboxing it on the established circuit, you're lucky to work at all. So after three years, just 45 gigs and a succession of drummers and bass players (plus a keyboardist), John and James found themselves in Sydney. . . a sudden change of scene, a slower turn of circumstance.

"It took six weeks to get our first job here, and another month before we had regular work," relates John. "In that time we'd had to pick up another drummer and rehearse the material."

Though live work has been as sporadic for JFK as it was in Brisbane (they're lucky to average one or two gigs a week), they've had a modicum of success on the recording front. An EP (released independently on the locally-based Waterfront label) has sold out its initial issue of 500 copies. Further demand (stimulated by generous FM airplay and their live appearances) has prompted a second pressing run.

Critical acclaim has come JFK's way as well. One Ignatius Jones reviewed the EP, entitled *Careless Talk Costs Lives*, in these pages (*see Issue 203*) — it was one of the very few to emerge relatively unscathed, as any reader who waded through the vitriol and vicious wit directed at most of the other contenders will vouch.

"Though the exposure and reviews have been great," says John Kennedy, "we're still not sure what our status is, because we're still very young (band-wise), and very small-time.

"Like, 500 records is good for independent sales, *but*. . ."

But it's a far cry from the band's formative years in Brisbane, where they'd be lucky to have played to 500 people. Like, in their three-year history, JFK & the Cuban Crisis performed just 45 gigs — and if they drew more than 50 paying customers at a time, it was cause for celebration.

There was precious little else to rejoice about — a large part of the difficulty JFK encountered in securing regular work had to do with their choice of material.

"Because we play pop music, we were never considered 'cult' or 'underground' enough to get much work through the alternative promoters," says John. (In Brisbane, 'alternative' promoters comprise a select clique who provide outlets for bands on the fringe of the Top 40 pub'n'club circuit.)

"Pop music" is a pretty broad generalisation of the JFK repertoire. Nothing if not eclectic, it stretches the boundaries of country rock to straight C&W, r'n'b to rock'n'roll, new to permanent wave: much of the material is timeless, though performed by the time-worn lineup of guitars, bass and drums, with the occasional keyboard sprinkling.

Though much has been made of a passing similarity in vocal styles between principal singer John Kennedy and a certain bespectacled gentleman given to wearing ill-fitting, datedly conservative suits (I promised the band I wouldn't mention his name), it's probably more apt to delve further back in time to uncover the inevitable influences. One just happens to fit the above description: Buddy Holly.

"He'd be closer to one of our original influences," explains James Paterson. "Along with the Beatles, who we grew up listening to. Actually, Ringo doing his country songs is probably where the C&W influence comes from."

"Not forgetting Johnny Cash," adds John, straight-faced. (The band includes in its set an updated cover of an ancient Cash tune, *Shake Some Action.*)

Ultimately, JFK & the Cuban Crisis is a songwriters' band. They're not great musicians, and they'd be the first to admit it — the strength lies in the songs, which vacillate between wry, laconic observation and frivilous fun-poking.

Says John: "We're trying to integrate the extremes of being really light-hearted and really serious, just to see if we can get away with it. Because we're neither extremely flippant nor serious people."

Nor do they tread some bland, middle ground that this sort of duality might suggest. Take this for contrast:

*'White Civilisation. . .*
*Someone comes along with a dempnstration.*
*Culture's being drowned with its application*
*If you know what's best for you!'*
*— White Civilisation*
(James Paterson)

*'I want to be a star of the stage and screen*
*I'd like to receive some acclaim*
*I want to be recognised wherever I go*
*A pin-up boy for a magazine*
*Have a Headline Romance with a beauty queen*
*"J.F.K. ROMANCE WITH MONROE"!' — Headline Romance*
(John Kennedy)

From Angst to Romance with a smattering of historical content! There's even a paean to Jackie O. . . *('If you marry me I'll be good to you, Jackie O').*

On the serious side, there's a certain fascination with World War II militia, borne out in the title, cover art and poster for the *Careless Talk Cost Lives* EP. Both the sleeve and poster depict a surface-to-air gunner maintaining a silent vigil over a decaying city skyline. And there's a song on the EP called *Leaving For The Eastern Front.* Penned by James, it's an extension of his passion for military history — the storyline revolves around a battalion of soldiers about to embark on a suicide mission.

"The song developed out of what I'd read about Hitler's World War II 'Scorched Earth' policy: he knew he was losing the war, but kept sending men to the front. The theory was 'If we can't win, everybody dies anyway'," James explains.

Bass player Greg 'Jimbo' Hall leaps in with: "We have had someone mention that we looked like a live version of *Apocalypse Now.*"

If that strikes a chord in *your* sense of humour, you're someway prepared for a JFK performance.

As John Kennedy writes in the EP's liner notes, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for JFK."

**PHIL STAFFORD**

# THE SCIENTISTS
## Love that Dark And Hideous Throb!

IT'S A swelteringly hot night in Sydney late last year. The mass of hot air which listlessly blows garbage up Bayswater Road to Kings Cross can hardly be called a wind.

Inside Exit, a (now defunct) rock nightclub/disco, the wilted post-punks look like faded flowers as they amble and shamble around to the *tres moderne* sounds of Siouxsie and the Banshees and Hunters & Collectors coming through the giant speakers.

All of a sudden the muzak stops and the lights go down. Shit! What a drag, the band's coming on. Another interruption to the social whirl of scoring bad drugs and watered-down drinks, both overpriced. Most of the audience couldn't care less whether there's a band on stage or not. That's not why they come.

As the Scientists take the stage, the audience's worst fears seem to be confirmed. Hell, they're a rock'n'roll band! All guitars and drums and long hair. Don't they know rock'n'roll is dead? The guitarist and drummer look like refugees from Alice Cooper's *Love It To Death/Killer* period. The bass player looks like a suburban yobbo who wants to smack a few heads in.

And the singer. . . well he just looks so goddamn innocent. He's a ravaged schoolboy on the point of nausea. As he straps on his guitar, he puts me in mind of Iggy & the Stooges' *Your Pretty Face Is Going Straight To Hell.*

They commence with a thud and a scrape and lurch into an ulcerous heartthrob of a song. Sounding like a born-on the bayou Ian Curtis, the frontman intones a challenge to the audience: *'This is my/Happy hour/This is my Happy hour/If you wanna be sad/Do it somewhere else.'*

They fail to take him up on it, but the band's not bad; so the punters politely clap. After twenty minutes of this type of reception, the singer (who, it is now clear, is mind-numbingly drunk) warns the audience about their detached attitude.

When the next song is similarly received, the drummer kicks over his kit and stalks off the stage, followed by the other three. The audience is wide-eyed with blank astonishment. What happened? Hey! We paid three bucks to get in!

The singer comes back on and delivers an abusive, high speed stream-of-consciousness tirade at the dumbfounded mob, and then disappears. End of gig.

"When people come to see us play, they can't just stand there like sheep and clap nicely," says guitarist Tony Thewlis.

"The next time we played at Exit it was much better. They went. . . insane!"

**The Scientists — Brett Rixon, Kim Salmon, Boris Sujdovic and Tony Thewlis**

"We don't believe in pandering to an audience's desire to be entertained, although we can be *very* entertaining," claims vocalist/guitarist Kim Salmon. "We want what we do to be a challenge both to the audience and to ourselves."

It seems that most bands who try to play a violent and aggressive music are happy to repeat the past. There aren't many who dare to innovate, thus missing out on the real lessons to be learned from bands like the Stooges.

The Scientists are one of the very few prepared to try. Originally formed in Perth during that city's approximation of the punk era, they became reasonably popular playing a Flamin' Groovies brand of power pop. They made a couple of trips to Melbourne and Sydney before breaking up.

Kim, along with another original Scientist, bassist Boris Sujdovic, teamed up with fellow Western Australians Tony and drummer Brett Rixon and headed back to Sydney. The reformed band made its debut on New Year's Eve, '81/'82.

From the beginning, it was clear that these guys were no longer into power pop. They had dropped the nice guy image and decided to attack! Still, they were really just one more rock'n'roll band with absolutely nothing to distinguish them from the pack. I tell Kim that I thought they were terrible back then.

"Yeah, well at that stage we knew what we wanted to play but we still had to get there. We were only about a quarter of the way to where we are now. We had an idea and were working our way towards it."

Since then they've absorbed influences like The Cramps, Alex Chilton, Velvet Underground and Suicide. Rather than copy them, they've used those influences to make something almost entirely their own, a dark and hideous throb. Their playing has become a lot freer these days, a lot more abstract.

"That's something we definitely aimed at but we had to go through that earlier stage of playing more basic music to be able to do it properly. It's like we've gone through a mini-history of rock'n'roll."

With their new-found originality has come a large dose of cult-sized success. Their single *HappyHour/Swampland,* on Au Go Go, has sold out its first two pressings in a matter of several weeks, and is shortly to be released in England on Statik. Although they get plenty of work in regular venues, they like to organise their own parties as well, and their last one a few weeks ago pulled in over 700 people. On a recent visit to Melbourne, they broke two house records: you can bet they're thrilled with all that.

But with a modicum of acceptance, will the Scientists start playing it safe? Will they take the easy way out and start repeating themselves?

"Definitely not. We've finally evolved into a band that's got something of its own instead of sounding like someone else. We have to keep confronting our audiences and ourselves. We still haven't gone very far in that respect. We're moving so fast that our currect single is already slightly dated in terms of what we're doing now."

On stage, the Scientists are a noisy collision of sonic feedback, distorted guitars, subterranean drums and trance-like vocals. They use these materials like sculptors carving out a garage band version of free jazz. They depend on a particular type of audience reaction, and given the zombie-like state of most audiences, don't always get it. But when it comes, they are one of the most frantic and poisonous desecrations of rock'n'roll in town.

**FRANK BRUNETTI**


QUESTION

WHAT DO

JAMES REYNE
(AUSTRALIAN CRAWL)

PAUL CHRISTIE
(EX MONDO ROCK)

HARVEY JAMES
(RICHARD CLAPTON BAND)

GRAHAM BIDSTRUP
(EX ANGELS)

and
KEVIN BORICH

HAVE IN COMMON?

# THE PARTY BOYS

## — Just A One Night Stand?

**BUZZ BIDSTRUP, KEVIN BORICH, PAUL CHRISTIE, HARVEY JAMES and JAMES REYNE tell GREG TAYLOR about the Casual Boogie.**

"GOD, THIS is ridiculous," declares Paul Christie as we wave futilely at a taxi. "I've never been so nervous about an interview." As a survivor of many bands, album and tours, the bass player should be looking as nonchalant as vets. Kevin Borich, Harvey James and Buzz Bidstrup, who are waiting for this cab with the bemused air of 'Fuckups? Seen 'em all before'.

The interview, and the fact that its location has been changed at the last minute are no big deal. But Christie has organised this little outing, along with most of the business of the Party Boys; and besides, he likes to worry.

There *is* a vague air of apprehension about this relocation. James Reyne, the fifth Party Boy, has just rung to say 'I can't leave the hotel'. The night before he lost his voice, and Australian Crawl had to blow out a largely pre-booked show at the Tivoli. The radio stations have been casting aspersions and a journo from one of the dailies has shoved a accusing note under his door. It wouldn't look right for Reyne to be blithely walking the streets. And especially for him to be walking them en route to an interview about his work with another band.

Australian Crawl management are understandably a little sensitive about this Party Boy thing. It's one matter for the golden front man to take a couple of months off to make a TV soap, but getting together with these other mavericks, even if it was only for a couple of weeks, can start people talking; especially when the other mavericks organise a live recording and this gets made into an album which proceeds to whiz into the charts.

So here we are, finally motoring up to meet James in his hotel, and Paul Christie is wondering how he's ever going to smuggle James away from his handlers without having to make a lot of explanations about who this interview's for and what sort of photos are you taking and where are they going to run, etc etc. "Don't pull up to the front entrance," he instructs the cabbie. "Just drop us by this garage ramp."

By the time we're ensconsed in a sub-basement suite, the farcical nature of this cloak-and-dagger stuff has dissolved these tensions, though Christie still tends to babble a bit. James comes downstairs and asserts that it's all cool, let's go; his voice sounds terrible. A man shouldn't be asked to *think* with a throat like that, let alone talk or sing!

He could probably just have squeezed out a Party Boy performance however. 'Cos the Party Boys, throughout their whole two-rehearsals-and-eight-gigs history, had a very 'what-the-hell, let's just boogie' approach.

"We could run a competition," says Christie at one stage. "See if listeners can pick which song on the record falls to pieces — but gets *brilliantly* recovered two bars later!"

That's the essence of such a combo: extremely loose but thoroughly professional. The performance I saw at Sydney's Astra Hotel was manic, especially on the part of Mr. Reyne. But everyone in the group had ear-to-ear grins.

Rock'n'roll has been their business for ten or more years, mostly in long term highly disciplined and ambitious bands. Three of them — Harvey, Buzz and Paul — ejected from that scene over the last couple of years, but like Kevin and James, still have to take their music seriously. That's what pays the bills. Some of them may nurse hopes that the Party Boys might become a full-on enterprise, but first and foremost it's a chance to play some great songs they heard on record and have a real rage while doing so. Sort of how rock'n'roll used to be for every muso right back at the beginning.

Graham 'Buzz' Bidstrup has been very much a studio person since quitting the Angels' drum stool. Apart from numerous sessions, he's moved into production, making records with the Riptides, the Numbers and the Honeymoon, and worked on movies like *Starstruck* and *Midnight Spares*.

"Basically it's been sitting in a studio for a year and a half; the chance to get out and play with something like the Party Boys was something I'd been waiting for — something that you didn't have to really commit to, something that you didn't have to do over and over for six months."

Harvey James has spent about the same amount of time playing "off and on" with Richard Clapton. It was an association he slid into naturally, as he was doing sessions for a Clapton album at the same time and in the same studio as his last album with the Sherbs.

"Then about four months' work with Swanee came up, and then the Party Boys happened, and then there'll be Richard again, and I'll just go on making money. . .hopefully!"

Since exiting from Mondo Rock, Paul Christie hasn't had time for much more than a two-month holiday and organising the Party Boys. Though he refers to a number of different projects, one senses that he's one of the keenest for the Party Boys to be ongoing: right now he's sitting in at a lot of Kevin Borich rehearsals, working out how to produce an album for Kevin. And this is how he explains the personal connections that formed the Party Boys. . .

"Well, I get on really well with Kevin — he sacked me from his band once! — and I used to live in Melbourne near Jim. . .and I've always wanted to play with Buzz." (The two actually have played together very briefly when Christie deputised for an ailing Chris Bailey on some Angels dates).

The repertoire, which ranges from the Stones to the Doors to Mink DeVille to Lou Reed to Sonny & Cher to various other unlikely jukebox faves, was selected by the time-honoured practice. of "whoever had the loudest cassette player at the rehearsals — just like the old days," according to Buzz.

And some people — including me — reckon its performance came over better than anything else any of you guys have been doing lately. Any comments?

"I personally expected that to a certain extent," replies Reyne. "I think people picked up on the fact that there was a lot more immediacy about the Party Boys, there was a lot more fun in that it didn't matter as much as some of the things that some of us are going through — I mean, every move you made didn't matter."

**Were the audiences a different crowd from the Australian Crawl ones?**

JAMES: "Yeah — there were a few more guys. With Australian Crawl usually the first eight or ten rows are girls. . .

". . .though there *were* quite a few girls at the Party Boys gigs, there were more boys doing *that*" (*imitates classic waving a la Angels/Oils audiences*).

BUZZ: "It seemed more restrained than Angels gigs. . ."

JAMES: "One thing I noticed was there'd often be a little group around Kevin too: the guitar hero guys, y'know how you get that, those guys doing all that (*mimes cardboard guitar raver*).

"Australian Crawl don't get any of that. . ."

**How do the rest of Crawl feel about you and the Party Boys?**

JAMES: "Oh, they're cool, they're fine: they think it's good. I mean, it's been good for me because it's given me more credibility as a singer, I think. The positive thing about the Party Boys for me was perhaps letting people think: "Well, maybe he *can* sing rock'n'roll songs rather than just that. . . pop pap that he sings with Australian Crawl.'

"For what *that's* worth. . ."

IT'S PROBABLY worth a lot to any band member to step outside his perceived boundaries now and then. But unlike jazz, rock has very little fluidity in its combos. Players may hop on stage, particularly at the smaller pub gigs to do a couple of numbers with some mates, and benefit concerts are very liable to end in some monstrous conglomeration of unrehearsed blithering. But the idea of putting something together very quickly, and going public with no other drawcard than the individual members' reputations is hardly very common, at least in this country. Commentators seem to relate to it only in terms of 'supergroups', hence the fatuous lead-in for one Sydney paper: "England had its Cream, America has got Asia and Australia has. . . the Party Boys!"

It's an approach as inflexible and oldfashioned as that which presumes you must be married to be getting it on, and although the Oz music scene is small enough for musos to make the social contact that makes such casual grouping possible, it doesn't happen very much — especially with musos involved in big business, highly contracted bands.

"Actually, I've heard wind of a few other semi-rockstars starting to put together bands like this," comments James. "Maybe we've started something."

The talk drifts into contracts and business, and I ask something like 'You're all very experienced players and band members: if you *were* putting together a new group, what are the lessons you've learnt over the years', and this elicits a stream of replies, some of them serious. . .

HARVEY: "I don't think I could stand it. . ."
KEVIN: "Stay drunk. . ."
PAUL: "Don't shave before photo sessions. . ."
HARVEY: "Don't wear satin. . ."
JAMES: "I've learnt if you say 'Fuck' or make a drug reference to a crowd, they love it. . ."
PAUL: "Maintain control."
BUZZ: "That's lessons one two and three: don't sign anything!"

Gradually it gets heavier, reference to past experience turning occasionally from wry to bitter.

HARVEY: "You become really wary of political type people. If I can approach something naturally, without having to put on any airs or graces or having to tell anybody what to do, then it feels right.

"But in the bands I've worked with in the past, I've tended to come across a lot of

**Party Boys — will they ever share a motel room again?**

Party Boys — Buzz, Kevin, Harvey, James and Paul 'Mr. Northern Beaches' Christie (Pix: Rhonda Thwaite)

politically-minded people who are trying to tell everybody what to do while bettering their own position.

"I hate that: I don't think I'll ever get involved with that again."

BUZZ: "You should never play in a band with a 'member of parliament'. . ."

PAUL: "It's very hard to play in a band that's supposedly a democratic union of five artists when there's like, say, two dominating personalities. Once those people realise the position, they *always* have this unhappy knack of flaunting it and shitting everyone else up the wall."

JAMES: "Then everyone starts talking behind everyone else's backs. . ."

BUZZ: "That's the good thing in this sort of band about doing other people's songs, 'cos that's where things start to degenerate."

**You mean squabbling about royalties and whose tune gets on the album?**

JAMES: "Exactly. Plus in *this* band, everyone's very good at what they do: it isn't as if there's a weak link musically in the band.

"Which is another thing that can often happen — y'know, where you're going 'If that guy plays that way one more fuckin' time. . .'

"That just doesn't happen, 'cos everyone's very good at what they do. So you know that you can rely on everyone around you, plus there's no bullshit about who wrote the song and who's gonna get the royalities, and he wrote seven songs on the last album so maybe he should only write two on this."

WE MOVE onto managers, and hence to the general level of musician ignorance regarding contracts with managers and record companies. The general message seems to be 'Don't Sign Anything Until The Euphoria Goes Away.'

JAMES: 'In the case of Australian Crawl — we were just rapt that anyone was interested in the first place, let alone wanted to put up money to record. The temptation is to go 'Great! Let's sign, though fortunately we got it checked out. Brad's father (Mr. Justice Robinson) had this friend who was a sort of copyright law expert.

"But it is very tempting when the first person from a record company comes up and starts buying you drinks. . "

PAUL: "The 'record contract' is regarded as the absolute goal by all the young guys standing in front of mirrors with broom handles pretending to be Kevin Borich. . ."

KEVIN: "Yeah, it's the prize on *New Faces*. . .'

BUZZ: "I dunno about anyone else here, but I've had situations of people throwing documents under your nose when you walk off stage — another company you're setting up or something — and you sign it, and you get down to the end of the line and say 'What have I done?'

"This interviewer said to Donovan once: 'A lot of the artists of your time were very quiet in the early 70s. Why?' And Donovan said, 'Most of my friends spent the early 70s getting out of contracts that they'd signed in the early 60s'!"

EVERYONE agrees that the legal aspects of big business rock are reaching alarmingly complicated proportions in Australia without the same sort of showbiz expert legal advice that is available in America.

BUZZ: "The contract I signed with Epic *was* epic — it was over a hundred pages. Whereas the first one I ever signed, with Alberts, was just one or two pages. . .

"When bands' managers start going overseas, they get all these new ideas flashed at them, and these terms and phrases and clauses start appearing and nobody can really sort out what's happening. . .

"It really needs a shakeup — otherwise the whole idea of music and bands and stuff is going to get clogged up in this legal bullshit."

So what can a poor boy do, 'cept play in a *casual* band?

PAUL: "The Party Boys' future is in the lap of the gods, really. Whenever we get some time we'll probably blast out and play another half dozen shows. . . we'll live through the record for quite some time, 'cos there's people coming up to me in the street and saying 'This is the sort of stuff we want to listen to', and they really dig it.

"That *never* happened in any other band I was in. . ."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# The Life & Specifics of

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***MARK MORDUE and Sydney's rarely-seen-but-often-talked-of Dance Politicians get a lot off their chests.***

# DO · RE · MI

Do.Re.Mi — Helen Carter, Dorland Bray, Stephen Philip, and Deborah Conway.

**'There was a whole chain of separate departments dealing with proletarian literature, music, drama, and entertainment generally. Here were produced rubbishy newspapers cntaining almost nothing except sport, crime, and astrology, sensational five cent novelettes, films oozing with sex, and sentimental songs composed entirely by mechanical means on a special kind of kaleidoscope known as a versificator'. . .**

***1984* — George Orwell**

***'Now***
***We're standing on wires***
***Motionless waiting to burn***
***Hypnotised***
***By the glow of the fires***
***We listen but we never learn' . . .***

**Standing On Wires — Do.Re.Mi.**

*THIS IS the modern world. Long dole days. A pushy peak hour snapping into animal stampedes for the buses during the train strike. Reagan asking America to keep the Ten Commandments. Someone young and aware fucking someone else who's just lonely in Surry Hills. The Same playing at Alpha House. A late night train from Central. Pressure on. The boss flirting with you, and even though he's repulsive, all you can do is try to cope. Jobs are hard to find. The unspoken threat. Another election and not much to choose from. Newspaper images. Traffic snarls in the heat. The Falklands lies in Britain. The Franklin River. Racism in the suburbs, where it's easy to blame your troubles on a Greek workmate or a Lebanese shop girl. Skinheads in the city. Mods and gays at Newtown. Hoons at Leichhardt pissed out the front of a pub. Slum landlords — accountants, doctors, solicitors, politicians — renting dumps 'o Aborigines, Maoris and Europeans. People who are very scared. People like that everywhere.*

*A dad who thinks "young people today expect everything on a plate". Another getting the sack from B.H.P. in Wollongong or Newcastle. Not enough money for pay-packets but just enough to buy out Utah. Profits are down, but unlike jobs they never seem to be out. A mother buried alive by her children. Nationalism — advance Australia where? Graffitti in Redfern with a different story of a different nation. The Quiet Deceivers. Broken glass. Drunks at Taylor Square. Cruise nuclear missiles for Europe. Late Sunday night films at the Valhalla out-of-it.*

*Friday night at the Trade Union. Drink. Smoke. Trip. Speed. Love is all you need, tra la la. Couples trying to talk and not succeeding. Crying. TV daze with Mike Walsh and a bad movie. The neighbours you never see or the ones who won't stop complaining. The news. A radio. Talking with friends. A good song that taps into some of these things. . .*

*A Band.* Which is where this story could have started, but far from where it should finish.

These days, communication is almost a lost word. There's very little anger, excitement or passion filtering through in popular music — the mood is generally safe, take no chances. Nothing much is discussed, attacked, supported or said. All quiet on the western music front; there's no new trend, what can we do, who do we follow, where do we go? The aforementioned quote from *1984* accurately points to music's purpose at the moment — in Britain, to pacify, distract, provide escape; in America, to reinforce tradition, keep big business, money and bands in control.

In Australia, cultural imperialism gives us the worst of both worlds, with most of our 'top' bands leaping thoughtlessly for either the diversion or tradition stools, and frequently falling flat between them. All this is compounded by an out-and-out pile of shit called the Australian music press, who have currently busied themselves with the perennial and penetrating question of whether Oz Rock (yech! I cringe at the term it's so fucking archaic) is successfully invading overseas, and generally kow-towing to record company muscle and the load of codswallop that 'Home Taping Is Killing Music'.

***'Over in Unsteadystan the names are changed the kids can watch***
***Defoliants in Eden, there's a bullet hole in a mickey mouse watch***
***Urchins play with mortar shells on the welcome mat to the promised land***
***There's one way into the burger bar there's no escape from Disneyland'. . .***

**— Disneyland**

RIGHT NOW Do.Re.Mi. are one of the few bands around attempting to deal in an insightful and critical way with modern Australian culture. Although they're interested in mixing politics with entertainment, they wouldn't like to be blithely summed up as a "political band". There's a sensitivity and passion to their music that takes it well past shouting slogans. For them, politics is how you live your life, where you work, what you dream, how you love and hate, and maybe why; it's about the everyday events and attitudes that determine the shapes of your world and how it shapes you. Basically they sing songs about what they see around them. And they sing them very well.

The band are Dorland Bray (drums), Deborah Conway (vocals), Helen Carter (bass) and Stephen Philip (guitar). Dorland used to play drums with Melbourne punk band/graffitti kings News, after which he served time with The Benders where he first met Deborah. They described the band as a "chronically loud, Dr. Feelgood soundalike". Seems it's a memory they'd rather forget.

Helen was formerly in Kronics and Friction.

A combination of fate and fortune caused her to meet up with Dorland at a Sardine concert at Brownies (now Players). Friendships developed, Melbourne got boring, and in July 1981, when Deborah and Dorland decided to disband their rockabilly party band, The Merinos, all three left for Sydney. After auditioning guitarists without much success, they finally found Stephen Philip, an ex-member of the Thought Criminals, one of Sydney's better known and to quote Clinton Walker, author of *Inner City Sound,* "speedy, almost slapstick punk" bands.

DORLAND: "The thing is we're people first and musicians second. The band is crucially important to us but it's not what we do all the time.

"I think the musos' syndrome is a very dangerous thing to fall into, because the people forget the reason why they're up there in the first place. Because we don't play often live we get incredibly nervous before we play, and I think that's a good thing because it means we put everything into it."

Where the Golden Age Of Pop has led to a saturation level of limp escapism — "fiddling while Rome burns" as Dorland puts it — and the more pernicious American rockist tradition has frozen us into a cliche-bound, vacuous, good rockin' prison, Do.Re.Mi have attempted to remind people of what's going on in an intelligent way, doing it with a style that broadly encompasses funk, rock, pop and even a hint of soul to speak of a dance with direction and adventure.

In the last six months they've moved from quiet beginnings and small crowds at places like Art Unit and the Shepard And Newman Building (two of the all too few alternative venues left in Sydney, where people and ideas come first and profits are hopefully the corollary — but watch out for Alpha House, hopefully soon opening in Newtown), to headlining a recent 2JJJ open-air concert and impressing one and all. Their current tour incorporates a four-piece brass section made up of former members of Flaming Hands and Wildlife Documentaries. In Sydney they can pull the crowds and leave them sweating and happy, proof that ethics don't necessarily have to lead to dodgy music in underground backwaters. Do.Re.Mi have stood by their ideals and word of mouth has been doing the rest.

**When you formed, did you discuss what things would determine the band's identity?**

HELEN: "A lot. We still do. We tried to find out whether *we* shared the same ideas."

STEPHEN: "Just to do this interview we talked about it solidly for a fortnight. So ideas are thrown around quite a lot. It's an incredibly democratic unit."

**What were some of the specifics you discussed?**

DORLAND: "Well we felt that if you were going to be a band in 1983, it was pretty important to be singing about something. And we don't feel a lot of bands are successful in that way."

STEPHEN: "There were ideas and approaches we talked about. Such as the amount of times we would perform. We decided we would do four twelve-inch EPs, which we haven't done because of money and the usual "real life problems". Other things were where we wanted to play and who we would play with. This might sound a little pompous, but we decided we wouldn't do any supports."

HELEN: "There are exceptions."

STEPHEN: "Oh yeah, there's no written document saying Rules That Will Be Followed By Do.Re.Mi. They're just ideas."

DO.RE.MI'S MUSIC has been convincing a lot of audiences in the inner city. The band aren't seeking to preach to people, nor do they want to secure themselves a safe niche with cult credibility. If people just enjoy the music that's fine, and if they succeed at making an impression at other levels, well that's even better. Their dance may be a provocative one, but it's a dance all the same.

Sometimes the lyrics are a bit convuluted; 'meaning' gets too self-conscious. Sometimes their new, fuller sound crowds itself out where once spartan dynamics powered the songs through a sheer use of space. But these are only growing pains. Do.Re.Mi is only a young band just beginning to hit stride.

DORLAND: "I don't think our music's very progressive. There are quite a few bands around the world who play in a similar musical style to the one we've chosen. It's dance music basically. Hopefully it will remain so. But the politics of what goes into the songs is something else again. I hope we're doing something quite unique."

**In what ways is it unique?**

DEBORAH: "It's very easy in modern music to resort to the lyrics of 'I love you', 'He loves me', 'They love him'."

**Or they don't love?**

HELEN: "Yes, but even in politics there's that as well. 'Anarchy's great!', or 'Ronald Reagan stinks', or whatever. But we've written songs about specific things that have happened, or specific problems — what *we* might consider problems."

DEBORAH: "It makes things a lot more palatable when you're able to tell a story or relate it to a personal situation, rather than dictate some sort of philosophy you believe in."

HELEN: "We're not trying to make people angry. We're trying to make them think. And if they get angry after listening to us, well. . ."

DORLAND: "Great!"

IN 1982, Do.Re.Mi released two 12-inch EPs, their self-titled debut and their most recent effort, *The Waiting Room,* on which Louise Elliot and Peter Doyle of Laughing Clowns contributed their brassy talents. The understatement and simplicity of *Do.Re.Mi* is sharply contrasted to the busier and more complex developments that make up *The Waiting Room:* an indication that the band are keen to explore new ideas and provide challenges for themselves and their listeners rather than reproduce what worked first time around second time around third time around. . . merry-go-round.

The wish to avoid getting caught up in the industry merry-go-round has been fundamental in refusing to do interviews up until now. They didn't feel they had anything to say and that their music was self-explanatory anyway. The last thing they wanted was unnecessary publicity with a trashy 'Women In Rock' perspective or the pop star mythologising that rock magazines tend to perpetuate.

DORLAND: "We just want people to know we're a band and we do exist. We've been together eighteen months now, and because we're not moving in the normal circles that other bands move in, like playing all the time and having a record company behind us that can afford to put ads in newspapers, it's the only way we can communicate with people.

"Because if we can't communicate, we're just losing. We may as well not be bothering."

***'Look at the insects they're working for you***
***You won't give a fuck if you step on a few***
***They scatter or waggle their tongues***
***And drown in the honey while climbing your rungs'. . .***

**— Creatures Of Habit**

Deborah and Dorland are the main lyricists, though all members are usually involved in some way in what finally becomes the song. For a number like *Violet Town,* they all went home and thought of the images that title and a country town could bring to mind, came back, wrote the song, then recorded it while Stephen "stepped out to the toilet" (using only three of the four tracks available).

The result is a shadowy translation of a modern ghost town into song, where life flickers day to day in the endless oppressive routine of a lifestyle plundered and ruined by the coming of the miners, a depiction of people, *'Stranded by thoughts/That never hear a sound/Tied down by shoes/That won't leave Violet Town/Today. Today. Today. . . .'* Coming from Newcastle, there are aspects of that song I can't help but find particularly haunting.

On *The Waiting Room,* the band graduated to an eight-track recorder, but even then they didn't use all the tracks on some songs.

"We need a 24-track like a hole in the head", laughs Dorland.

The band are careful to control technology so that the studio doesn't overpower them as it has many groups. Lyrically, they explore a wide spectrum. From the royal wedding of Charles and Di in *Honeymoon — 'A romance made in heaven/To prove that all is well/To those who live in hell/Oh, they're so in love'* — to the bleak collage of images of the future in *Standing On Wires,* to the mating habits of the disco-wine bar set and their efforts to be 'beautiful people' in *Just Like Hercules.* The last song demonstrates a razor wit at work which underlies and inevitably springs from Do.Re.Mi's healthy cynicism. This emerges again in *Man Overboard,* which deals with sexual and emotional power games and the familiarity of a relationship going sour from a female perspective, coming up with a treatment that is at once humorous, sad, pathetic, angry and very real. . .

***'I'm sick and tired of this position***
***Hatched underneath an arm***
***Your crutch under stress***
***Your rudder when it's calm***
***I'm bored looking at the ceiling***
***While you point out my flaws. . .***
***You talk about penis envy***
***Your friends applaud***
***What am I supposed to do***
***Shout man overboard?'***

DEBORAH CONWAY is fast becoming one of the most commanding singers in Sydney: A voice that can intone venom and anger, loss and desperation, melancholia or withering sarcasm. Her ability to completely project such a range of moods in the songs combined with her on stage charisma demands attention. Dorland's drumming is highly percussive, and along with Helen's distinctive bass lines anchors the rhythms in a sharp, smart beat that accentuates the lyrical content and keeps feet on the ground moving. Stephen Philip's guitar playing is a subtle combination, delicately underscoring the whole affair by complementing the songs in a rhythmic way rather than taking the lead. In rehearsal, the band are meticulous in sharpening songs for the live arena, and the results are particularly telling during a workout of a new one called *Shake,* where sheer craft blends with the vigorous and celebratory nature of the music to make something I would call *great.*

By the time you read this, the band will have played a few select places in Sydney and Melbourne, so if you've missed them it'll be at least three months before you get another chance. Stephen is off to Europe for a long planned holiday, having decided he may as well go while he's got the money and worry about being broke when he gets back. The rest will survive as best they can. Some are on the dole, like me (and probably you). Do.Re.Mi as a band aren't making any money and they aren't losing any — they're just holding their own, and there's more than an element of pride in Helen's comment that they like to pay their bills promptly.

Dorland appears to be the main force behind the band, but it would be very wrong to call him the leader. He's very affable, confident and more easily assumes the role of spokesperson for the group, but his comments reflect a careful consideration of the others' views. All are intelligent and articulate, disagreeing at times but able to come together or bend to the will of the majority when a decision has to be made.

Helen is the most extroverted — "Once I start, you can't shut me up"; Stephen is the quietest but strongly expresses what he thinks, despite the competition for airspace in the conversation. Five people around a table for an interview can get a bit hectic. Deborah seems like a fairly lively person but she's busy working on a song, so she doesn't say as much as the others.

All these observations are inevitable superficial: all I really want to get across is that they're very nice people. The thing I find most interesting when I think back is how quickly the formal interview dissolves into a discussion. Like their music, Do.Re.Mi as people are keen to involve you on all sorts of topics in all sorts of ways. It's one of those conversations that you walk away from feeling exhilarated and charged up, still turning over ideas and surprised that talking to people can still make you feel that good. Which is really, I guess, what Do.Re.Mi are all about, or is at least one example of it: the politics of living. A very human, positive band.

STEPHEN: "There are certain connotations that people read into the word 'politics'. They might think, 'God, politics — shit, that's going to be really boring', or 'Shit, that's going to be really interesting', or 'Shit, I'm going to be out of my depth'. Politics should be an everyday event."

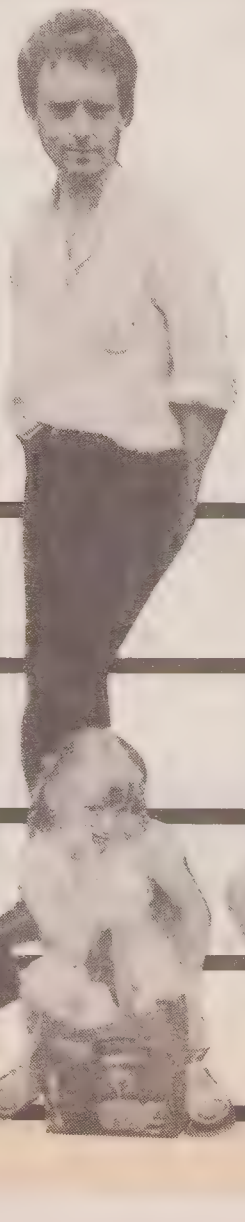
DORLAND: "It's just life. All the decisions you make are political. You just don't think of them in those terms. Like *Pecking Order's* a political song in that it discusses. . ."

HELEN: "The politics of office life!"

STEPHEN: "And we've all succumbed to *those* pressures."

DORLAND: "And they're the sort of things we want to talk about in songs. Things that people go through, aspects of life and living and being normal. Falling into ruts and falling out of them again. And what's expected of you by society and your peers.

"And we don't see why people shouldn't be able to dance at the same time."



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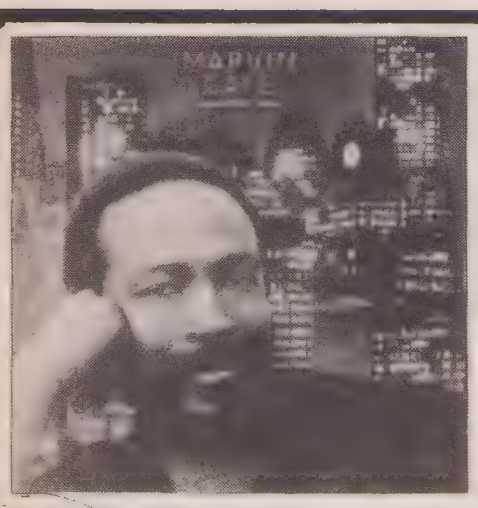

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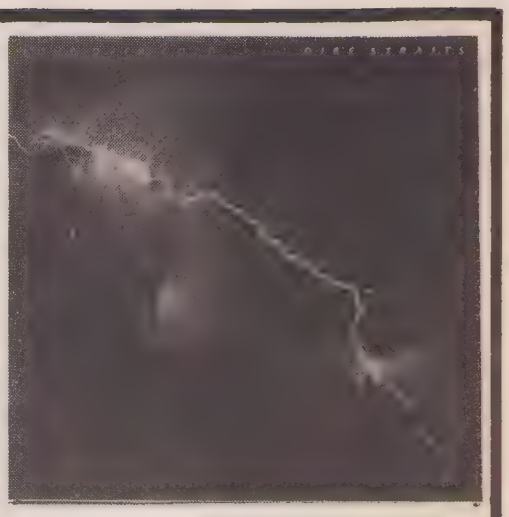

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| **Christopher Cross:** 1st | ~~$10.99~~ | $7.99 |
| **Phil Collins:** 1st | $10.99 | $7.99 |

| | WAS | NOW |
|---|---|---|
| **Eagles:** Greatest Hits Vol. 2 | ~~$10.99~~ | $7.99 |
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| **Fleetwood Mac:** Mirage | ~~$10.99~~ | $7.99 |
| **Cold Chisel:** Circus Animals | ~~$10.99~~ | $7.99 |
| **All Led Zepplin** | ~~$10.99~~ | $7.99 |
| **Van Morrison:** Moondance | ~~$10.99~~ | $7.99 |
| **All Doors** | ~~$10.99~~ | $7.99 |
| **Grover Washington:** The Best Is Yet To Come | ~~$10.99~~ | $7.99 |
| **Queen: Greatest Hits** | ~~$10.99~~ | $7.99 |
| **George Benson:** Breezin | ~~$10.99~~ | $7.99 |
| **Culture Club:** Kissing To Be Clever | ~~$10.99~~ | $7.99 |
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# EDGE CITY

# EFFECTIVELY AWFUL

*"It will make a fortune," says BRIAN CASE of new English horror flick The Evil Dead; "and if I were dead, I should sue for defamation. . ."*

"Who needs a hand?"

"Come on home — ya mama wants ya!"

WES CRAVEN and Tobe Hooper *(see Issue 196)* broke into films through the low-budget horror quickie, and got noticed for nastiness. Thanks to video, the ante has gone up, and the latest craze is the 21-year-old director Sam Raimi who has dashed one off that is twice as repulsive. It will thrill junk theorists everywhere, plus anyone who has ever peaked at finding someone else's obstinately sticky bogey on the underside of his pudding plate.

It will make a fortune, and if I were dead I should sue for defamation.

wrist. The critical reaction was to extend the eyeballs like chapel hatpegs. Next followed a virtuoso display of throat and nostril slitting with a retractable blade, followed in its turn by a bravura disembowelling.

Sullivan pointed out that all these ingredients were available from our neighbourhood drugstore or supermarket. In fact, the only effects that had cost a bob had been the contact lenses; a discontinued range, I imagine, as they were uniformly vein-webbed, milky-white, eyeball-less numbers, and so opaque that the actors couldn't actually see each other during filming.

They all worked for 50 bucks a week, plus board, looked so revolting that the crew wouldn't eat with them during shooting-breaks, and should consider an agent.

It was difficult to match up the diffident young chap in the woollie with the ghastly film that followed.

*The acting was probably no good, but since they couldn't see each other for contact lenses and knew they were going to be styling their liver'n'kidneys on the outside in the big scenes, who are we to invoke Brando standards?*

Raimi and his special effects man, Tom Sullivan, were in attendance at the press showing of *The Evil Dead,* and put on a display of dismemberment that meant covering the carpets with polythene sheeting.

In came a table of artificial human odds and ends, and a volunteer tied to a chair. Sullivan changed ominously into butcher's apron, whetted a carving-knife on its steel, and cut off the victim's hand at the

*The Evil Dead* will bring them all out from under the stones, and no mistake. It is said that James I delighted in removing his boots to paddle in the still quick entrails of dying stags; expect his spook in your queue, and keep your hand on your ha'penny round the waste ground going home.

Five teenies clock into a backwoods cabin for the hols. No sooner have they parked the toothbrushes than they're off exploring the cellar by torchlight, despite some pretty extravagant indications as to why the let was such a steal. They find an ancient cabalistic volume right next to a torn poster for *The Hills Have Eyes* — strong evidence that their holiday is about to be strafed by a young film-maker. ("Wes Craven? — I walked out! I was in pain! Yes, admiration!" confessed Raimi).

The gang also discover an old tape, play it — and release a fateful incantation that sets the leaf-mould quaking and the curtains flapping. One of the girls strolls out into the woods at night to check, in her nightie — (under-motivated, I felt, this) — and gets pinioned and screwed by the vegetation in ways that would puzzle both Fred Nile and Harry Butler.

Thanks to our censor, you'll be losing the HB pencil through the Achilles tendon, but little else in her recruitment drive among the frat pals. Far be it from me to spoil your pleasure by itemizing the axe-work on the limbs, the decapitations, spurtings and wrigglings of severed veins, but I can tell you that none of these young people have what I would regard as a break from academic studies.

All camerawork is go-go-go. The oldest trick in the book to establish an anticipation of horrors is to move the camera fast and low over broken ground and, if possible, have it pant in the bass register. This we have in truck-stop helpings. If Raimi can shoot up someone's nose or straight down onto the skull or upside-down, he will.

*Cut away,* the cardinal rule of great horror, does not seem to have been explained. Cut away we do not have. The first teenie to topple hangs about bubbling and hissing like the sterilised milkman on Saturday morning, hoping to settle up, banging the trapdoor up and down like someone, unexpectedly visited, trying to disperse a fart. One laughable misjudgment.

Where do you go from here? All scenes of suspense are disarmed by this permanent reminder of failure to win. The teenies try the usual snags of duff ignition keys, blocked bridges, burial and weapons, but there is no defence against the sheer doorstop persistence of the sterilised milkman.

The script is dreadful. "Listen — it'll all seem different after a good night's sleep," is the kind of optimism I would reject after chopping up two chums. The acting was probably no good, but since they couldn't see each other for contact lenses and knew they were going to be styling their liver'n' kidneys on the outside in the big scenes, who are we to invoke Brando standards? The film's about camera.

"What's showing here next?" Raimi asked me after the show. It was Walter Hill's *48 Hours.* "Wow! I LOVED that — except there's a nasty bit," he said.

I gave the look. "Yeah," he chuckled. "But when it's guns in the streets of San Francisco, I mean, that's reality. My film is fantasy. It's people melting down — I mean, who can relate to that? I made a rack-'em sack-'em, and it's fun."

Sam Raimi's next film, currently in production, is a thriller starring ex-Batman Adam West. "This one," confided the young challenger, "has a story."


ROCK READ

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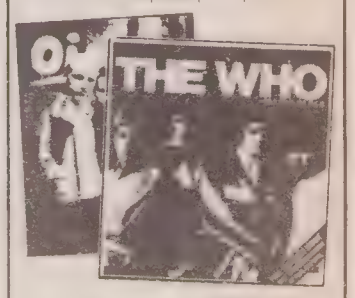


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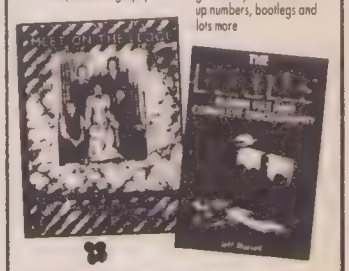


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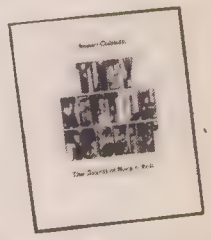

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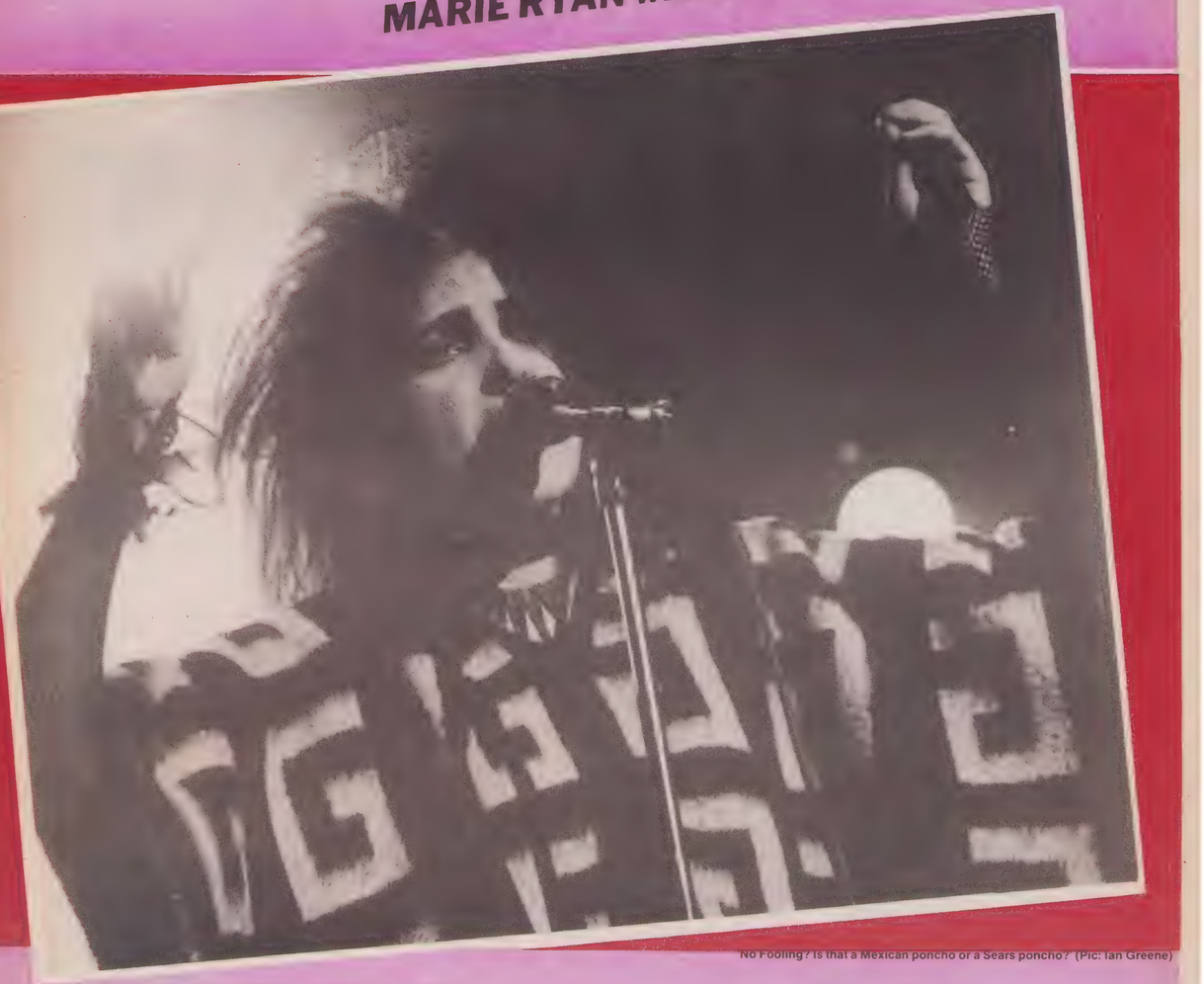
# BANSHEE ANGEL

## MARIE RYAN with SIOUXSIE SIOUX



No Fooling? Is that a Mexican poncho or a Sears poncho? (Pic: Ian Greene)

HANG ON. Just when you thought it was safe to dismiss the Banshees as yet another band whose theory outstrips their practice. . . they confound and demolish your smug preconceptions with one deft blow! A kiss in the dreamhouse. What an irresistible offer. Can you refuse it?

*Dreamhouse* is the Banshees dancing along the top of the mountain, hair flying in the wind. Before, they were labouring up it, sweating, occasionally slipping back. They expended lots of effort for little gain. Only their singles hinted that they might one day scale the heights.

And *Slowdive* is the celebration of their arrival, it's the Banshees wailing at the moon. *'Get your head down to the ground/shake it all around — a dirty sound'*. It's a *stunning* sound — listen

*Dreamhouse* is the album where Siouxsie finds her voice. Now she ranges around the songs like a rabbit that's been let loose, discarding the restricted patterns she's previously kept to with a toss of her haughty head.

*A Kiss in the Dreamhouse* is all about your fantasies and obsessions becoming real for a moment. Pinched from an American TV show about a thirties brothel, where the girls underwent surgery to look like the most desirable Hollywood actresses of the day — Steve Severin knows a good album title when he spots one — *Dreamhouse* encloses the sexual abandon and swooning decadence of its namesake. In an atmosphere of claustrophobic intensity (*Cocoon*) it touches on the inter-connectedness of death and the sexual act *(Melt!, Cascade)* and probes the singularity of sexual obsession. Lyrically, the Banshees have come of age.

Although the Banshees should have journeyed to the Antipodes long ago, in many ways this was the right time to come. Never uncertain of their own ability, (despite critics' misgivings), they're currently riding a wave of confidence so strong that audiences can do little more than surrender. Compared to the occasion I saw them in London eighteen months ago, their Friday night concert at the Capitol Theatre was in a class of its own. Gone was the bombast that has weighed them down on record and in concert. Sioux moved like an angel, remote and untouched by the audience's lust and awe. The perfect pop lady, she never stoops to sexual role playing. Always one step removed from actually *giving* herself to the audience, she is still intensely physical; she is the embodiment of female strength and power.

And the band reinforced Siouxsie's twisting attack. With blithe abandon, Budgie confirmed himself as one of the top few drummers in Britain today, while Robert Smith squashed the ghost of John McGeoch with sinister relish.

As the Cure are down to a two-piece these days, I'd guess that Robert's presence is at least semi-permanent, though Siouxsie declined to confirm or deny this when I chatted to her in her Bondi hotel. However, the hints were strong. . .

Siouxsie's onstage presence clings to her offstage as well. When she strode into the foyer clad in thigh-high leather boots, studded black leather mini skirt and full makeup, it was a bit like staring Medusa in the face — I temporarily turned to stone.

But the South London lass was friendly and talkative as we sat in the bar next door, although never quite to the point of effusiveness. Ultimately, Siouxsie calls the shots in every interview, but she does so with politeness and charm.

*'She's a portrait of a poison/For you to quench your thirst. . .'*

### Welcome To Australia, Siouxsie

**I know you haven't been here very long but have you formed any impression of Australia yet?**

"Well, we did stop off in Sydney for a day on the way to New Zealand, and I hated it because we went out and it was a Saturday night."

**Where did you go?**

"Oh, clubs. Benny's first — that was really boring. So then I said well gay clubs are more fun anyway, so I got the names of a couple of clubs and one was Patches and the other was Stranded. We went to Patches and it was OK, but on the way there it was like people yelling 'Pommy faggots! Pommy bastards!' and all of that, like all the pigheads were out, I suppose, on Saturday night.

"Patches was OK compared to where we had just been but then we thought well, we'll try Stranded, it might be better and this guy we met said 'Oh don't go there, it's terrible, they just sit around and look cool.' So we thought oh we'll go there anyway, and we went and it was really. . . it was a nice place but the people were, like, just going (*she stares blankly around*), sitting in corners, sitting on sofas.

"And when we left, at first there were no cabs, and then one came along after we'd just walked a few steps. We got in and these two big musclemen jumped out from behind a car, they were waiting to ambush us, and they were like going 'Eeerrrgh!' Just from nowhere, a bit up the road. They were like fisting the air and that — they'd been crouched behind the car."

**They weren't fans then?**

"Oh no, not amorous! *(Laughs)* They were like club-in-hand almost."

**That's one of the disadvantages of living in Australia — the fact that you do get harassed by that sort of element.**

"There's a lot of rednecks, real like pigheaded. . . I mean, I was only here a night and like the night was *urrgh*, except for this gay bar we went to, and I suppose gays get a lot of stick here."

**Well, Sydney's got a large gay population and they're fairly open, but you do get idiots coming in from the suburbs, driving down Oxford Street yelling abuse. I live round Darlinghurst, which is a red light area, and it's just constant harassment from these guys who come in from the suburbs, particularly on the weekends.**

"Pigs. I hate men like that."

**You don't get that sort of thing in England, not to the same extent.**

"No, you don't, you don't. I mean, if you do it's like. . .I don't know, it'll happen because someone's too drunk Like, you can walk round London and you're OK. We've even been to places like Texas and things never got *that* predictable, like *those* stereotyped macho pigheads. not even in Texas!"

**It's depressing when you have to live here with it.**

"Yeah, it must be. I mean it's depressing going out for the night trying to enjoy yourself and you get a load of shit like that.

"I mean, it's the same thing in certain places with the Customs Oficers. We got out at the airport and they did the usual thing — band, must be carrying drugs — you know, so they take all your stuff out and all these happy families sail through probably all carrying cocaine. (*Laughs*). They probably stuff it down their kids' pants. And we got out and they said 'Well, if you didn't look so weird. . .'

"What do you do? Wear a smart suit? You know, that's stupid. They're stupid thinking we don't know they'll pick on us — it's so obvious! You do seedy things with a front with a nun standing out front or whatever. That's the way most crime is done."

**How did you find New Zealand? Was that any better?**

"I really liked it. Nothing like that happened. But I don't know, the atmosphere was a lot more. . . maybe like England but it wasn't England, you know? I didn't like it because it reminded me of England. I didn't get any pigheads and I met some OK people there, and the gigs were good. There's idiot skinheads and bozos and the audience element that there always is.

"In fact the best gig was in Wellington. The place was great, it was right by the sea. It was clean, not humid. . . like when we were in Sydney it was like, you know, just walking around you just wilt, your hair goes down, you don't feel good at all. But in Wellington especially, it was like sunny, fresh. That gig probably had the worst element of bozos, though it was a big hall and there were a lot of fans there.

"But when there's an element like that it tends to sway it towards us, makes us knuckle down more. So it was the best gig. It had the worst kind of threat of possible violence but it was swayed towards us."

**Does that sort of tension help the band fire then?**

"It seems to. But like, if a bottle had landed on the stage, we would have just walked off."

### Dreamhouse Obsessions

***Dreamhouse* has got a much more relaxed and sensuous feel than your other albums. . .**

"The sounds that we got are a lot richer. It's the best recorded album we've ever done."

**You approached the songwriting differently, didn't you?**

"Yeah. Well, not the actual songwriting because we've always done songs on the spur of the moment, but normally outside the studio. Then we go into the studio and either try and redo it or approach it differently. But this time in the studio — though *Kaleidoscope* was done like that a bit — there was quite a lot of inspired tension in the studio and a lot of songs were just done at the time. Songs like *Obsession, Slowdive, Circle. . .*

"Something like *Slowdive*, I made the words up in two minutes. Budgie and Steve were just playing together and I picked up my own rhythm and I just began writing t. . . it was very *unthought of*, it was just very obvious. I wrote down the lyrics and I was singing it to myself just trying to get in. It was all done very quickly."

**The violins are really effective on that track. Where did you find the violinists?**

"There were three violinists, one celloist, one viola, one violin. Mike (the engineer) knew how to get hold of them, but we'd heard of them — they were buskers. We'd seen them busking in Covent Garden and well, it was really good to use them. It was the first time they'd ever been in a studio. They were young and like, they'd been kicked out of music college because they didn't wear dowdy, frumpy clothes. They could have conformed but they said fuck it, we'll busk on the streets and, you know, they played perfect classical music, really good. So we just got them in and asked them to play this thing in time, a sort of continual thing. Then we said 'Go mad, don't even think in musical terms, just go up and down.' And it was really good

"We used them on a few tracks on the album, and then when it came to doing the British tour we used them some more. It was really gooc live, a real shock I suppose but it was so strong. Not pompous, just really effective.

"You know, it's like I *love* orchestras — a bit of Beethoven and Stravinsky, I just love it. I've always wanted to hear the Philharmonic Orchestra reconstructing one of our songs rather than a rock song like you know, when they do the Beatles and all that. I'd like to hear something like *Suburban Relapse*. I'd like to hear it orchestrated to hear how they do it."

**Did the time you spent off help in regard to the direction and focus of this album?**

"Um, we had time off from *writing*, we stayed away from writing. It would have been easy to do *JuJu* part II and it could have happened if we'd jumped straight back into recording again. So we laid off that, though we didn't actually have a break. We toured a hell of a lot we played a lot of concerts in Scandinavia and Europe

**The way you sing on *Dreamhouse* seems different to the way you've sung before. Were you instructed to sing differently because of your voice problems?**

"No, no. Everyone's said that. No, we recorded some of this album before we did that tour in Scandinavia. We came back and I had to rest my voice a bit but we were able to get on with some mixing. I don't know, I was just using my voice in a different way. It's me, but as I say, the atmosphere in the studio. . . things were just happening, certain things fitted the mood more."

**There's a strong theme of sex and death running through the album. . .**

"They're mainly Steve's obsessions!" (*Laughs*).

**Well yeah, his songs Cascade and *Melt!* are the most obvious ones, but your song *Greenfingers* as well. *'With his hand I thee wed/with this hand I thee bed/with his hand I thee. . .'***

"Yeah, that is sex and death at the end there, but it's more of a quirky story. I don't know, I think it's obvious. I hate describing line by line what things are."

**What about *Circle*? That comes across to me as a somewhat pessimistic view of life in that it's saying that once you get trapped on the roundabout you can't get off — or did you intend it more as a warning not to get on in the first place?**

"Yeah. In a way it's hopeful, it's telling people that if you wind up on the Circle Line then that's up to you. It's mainly if you choose to be something then that's fine. If you're forced into something because you can't help it because of your parents or whatever, then it's not. If you choose to be an arsehole then that's fine, if you can't help being an arsehole because of circumstances then it's not good."

**So you think that there is an element of choice involved for some people?**

"It's hard to find the choice, it's more open to some people than to others. But just comparing people that I've met — like people with real liberal great parents, and you wouldn't believe how they abuse that kind of background.

"And then some really great people I know have had to come through some really tough things. Of course it works the other way as well, like bad background, bad peson, but it's not a rule that a good background will produce a good child. Obviously they go bad because they've got a choice."

**In some ways you're the perfect singles band. Your singles album, *Once Upon A Time* is one of your best.**

"Yeah, well we've always wanted to be a singles band, not in the sense of a teenybop pop group, not like that, but we've always wanted to release singles and for them to be separate from our albums, if you know what I mean. I think a lot of people were surprised by that record.

"We didn't know what it would sound like. Previously, before Polydor knew us, they would try and put us on some 'punk explosion' compilation — always *Hong Kong Garden*. But we said no! And then it came to the point where I actually stormed into Polydor. They'd started arranging for this artwork and *Hong Kong Garden* to be on this gross album whilst we were touring in Germany. I mean it's in the contract that they can't but they were doing a sneaky because record companies can afford to be sued by a group — they've got that much money.

"So we got back and it came to me storming into the office of the then co-managing director. I just stormed into the office and threatened him, literally. I was furious and it's never happened again since.

"So we've always wanted to save things like that —not to have them lumped in with the Jam and Sham 69, give me a break! So we held them all back, from *Hong Kong Garden* to, what was it?. . . Yeah, *Arabian Nights* was the last.

"We did a video cassette as well. All the singles have had videos done of them right back to *Hong Kong Garden* which had a video made in 1978. We put them in chronological order and it's really interesting to watch how they've changed."

### Whatever Happened To JOHN McGEOCH and Other Stories

**How's John McGeoch these days? What's his health like?**

"Well, it's not good and he's not playing with the band anymore."

**Does this mean that Robert Smith has taken his place?**

"Well, he's playing with us and. . ."

**You'll see what happens? Does John have any other plans?**

"He's been keeping his finances up with doing odd sessions. He produced some Scandinavian bands. He's always been someone who survives money-wise anyway — which I despise (*laughs*), but that's up to him. He's not playing with us because the relationship between him and us broke down.

"Everyone has to put their own weight. It is a band, and it's not like I'm the leader and I've got these session musicians or Steve's the leader and I'm a dumb broad that sings. We're all like that, (*she clenches her fist*), right in there, and if someone is leaning on the group too much then they don't deserve to be in it. And that's why John isn't.

"John had very little to do with the album. We did most of the recording tracks without guitars because he wasn't there, because he'd drunk too much the night before or something ridiculous like that, traps that people get into. . . just laziness, or he'd be putting up shelves in his new home that he'd just bought with his wife. So me, Steve and Budgie were practising in the studio everyday and either recording together or if John wasn't there, we'd just leave him a track and he'd come in later and go away again. In fact, Robert was not involved but he was at the studio more, just as a friend and interested and he was more involved and excited about what was happening than John.

"We've kept in touch with Robert ever since '79 when he played with us on the *Join Hands* tour. We wouldn't have attempted to audition a guitarist to play with us as a live player because we've done that before.

"We're even deeper into the Siouxsie and the Banshees legend now, and it would be impossible to get someone to just fit in like that and with the same attitude. *We wouldn't want to.* Fuck, it's hard work working at things like that to make someone something they're not. We don't want to do that, we don't want to make a clone Banshee, a cliche of what a Banshee should be — which most people outside the group tend to do. They cliche the attitude and the group. They think if they wear black and if they do this and that, then they're a Banshee."

### When I Was A Little Girl. . .

**You penned a short record company bio wherein you mentioned the twin aspirations of working with animals or being a hooker. . .**

"Yeah, working with the other sort of animals — in buildings (*laughs*). When I was about seven, I used to dress up in my Mum's clothes."

**So it was the *image* that appealed to you — You had a naive view of what was involved?**

"Yeah, yeah. That was what I wanted to be when I was seven."

**But you did work in a massage parlour for a few days when you were older? I don't know why, but that surprises me.**

"Well, with the massage parlour I thought it was getting close to medics. . . rather than going to medical school I'd be learning something that's almost medical. I found out it's all bullshit, it's like Euston in London, it's just a front for call girls. They go to hotels with their little massage kit. . . probably empty!"

**Did you have a happy childhood?**

"I don't think anyone has a happy childhood. Yeah, it was happy in parts and suicidal in other parts. It's all pretty odd being a child and growing up."

**Did you have any nightmares that you remember?**

"Yeah, one, it was the sea one. I used to have it quite often. It's the only one I remember as repetitive. I'd be on the shore and like, feeling. . . you know when you feel the sea pulling under you, and like, going out a little bit up to my knees and thinking oh, it's too strong to go right out. And then, without knowing it, finding myself pulled right in up to my shoulders and then trying to swim back, and just getting to the shore and a wave would come over me and pull me back again. It was frightening.

"And I had loads of dreams about huge waves coming over the world, like covering the world."

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## BEST POP VOCAL PERFORMANCE, Female

**MELISSA MANCHESTER**

*"You Should Hear How She Talks About You"*

37759

## BEST ROCK VOCAL PERFORMANCE, Female

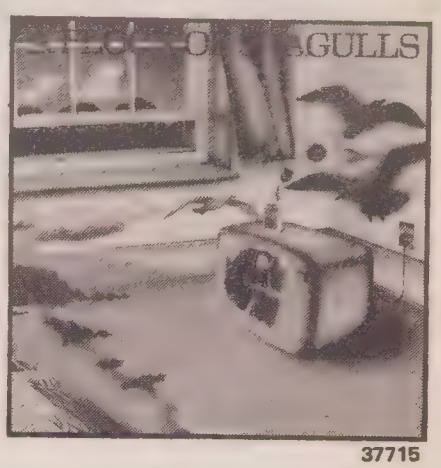
**PAT BENATAR**

*"Shadows Of The Night"*

52023

## BEST ROCK INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMANCE

**A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS**

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52015

# PETER TOSH — Alive And Dread

By **FRANK BRUNETTI**

(Pic: US/R/AF/LFI)

**'If you wanna live**
**Treat me good**
**If you wanna live**
**You better treat me good**
**I'm like a walking razor**
**Watch my sides**
**I'm dangerous.'**
**(Stepping Razor)**

PETER TOSH is sitting in his house just outside Jamaica's capital city, Kingston. His voice, coming through the line from the other side of the world, sounds exactly as it does on record: heavily accented, deep and hard.

And make no mistake, Peter Tosh is a very hard man.

***'Anything you can do***
***I can do better***
***I'm the toughest.'***
***(I'm the Toughest)***

Like most Jamaican reggae artists, Tosh is a Rastafarian. However the copious amounts of marijuana and religion this often entails have done nothing to cool his anger at the exploitation and oppression of his people by the forces of 'Babylon'.

Unlike Bunny Wailer or the late Bob Marley, his erstwhile partners in the original Wailers, Tosh does not preach a philosophy of universal, spiritual love. His attitude of confrontation and rebellion has often brought him into direct conflict with the Jamaican authorities.

"I've been arrested and put in jail many times. I been beaten. Why? Nothing. Just because I tell the truth. They don't like it."

***'I'm wanted***
***By the evil forces***
***There's no place to hide***
***They are trying to find me'.***
***(Wanted Dread And Alive)***

Although he has been constantly harassed by the Jamaican police and on at least one occasion was so brutally beaten that he had to be hospitalised, he refuses to be silenced. At the recent Jamaican World Music Festival — sponsored by the right-wing Jamaican government in an effort to revive the island's comatose tourist industry —Tosh harangued the largely American audience for at least half an hour before he played a note

"Well, I've got many things to say. Some things I say through my music. But I can't say everything I've got to say like that so sometimes I must say it without music."

***'Can't stand this no longer***
***The wicked are getting stronger***
***Can't stand this no longer***
***The battle is getting hotter***
***Dem haf fe get a beating***
***Dem haf fe get a beating'.***
***(Dem Haf Fe Get A Beating)***

Peter Mackintosh, Bob Marley and Neville Livingstone (now called Bunny Wailer) originally formed the Wailing Rudeboys in Kingston in the early sixties. Their biggest influences were soul and r'n'b. In those days, the kids in Kingston would pick up black American radio stations on their transistors and listen all night long to the likes of Sam Cooke and The Drifters

"I listened all the time to soul and r'n'b Everything you ever heard there in Australia I listened to and more."

Photos of the Wailers during this period unwittingly emphasise this connection. Short-haired and clad in dinner suits, they look like they could be a vocal group from Philly or the Motor City It's not hard to identify Tosh in these shots — at 6'2", he towers over his partners

Although he refused to talk much about the Wailers to me, elsewhere he has been outspoken about his role in the band which later became the world's number one reggae group

"I created Wailers No one can change that. No one." (Quoted in *Reggae Bloodlines* by Stephen Davis, 1975.)

During his time with the Wailers he wrote many of their best songs, including *I'm The Toughest, Stop That Train, 400 Years,* and the reggae anthem *Get Up Stand Up.*

In 1968 the three-piece vocal group became a self-contained unit. Tosh and Marley picked up electric guitars, Bunny took care of percussion and the Barrett brothers, then Jamaica's top rhythm section, came in on bass and drums. In this form they made the first two Wailers albums for Island Records, *Catch A Fire* ('72) and *Burnin'* ('73). These two are still the best of all the Wailers' recordings. Tosh's quasi-rock'n'roll guitar playing, deep harmonies and militant lyrical stance gave the band a uniquely menacing quality which disappeared when he left.

With the Wailers poised to conquer the world, Bunny and Tosh decided to split in 1974. Although there have been suggestions that the two were jealous of Marley's growing stature, Tosh claims otherwise.

"I had to be by myself. I wanted to do my own thing. I have to say what I want to say."

***'Jah***
***Guide me from my friends***
***'Cos I know my enemies'.***
***(Guide Me From My Friends)***

Since then Tosh has become a major reggae star in his own right, even having a Top 40 hit in Australia with a remake of the Temptations' *(You Gotta Walk) Don't Look Back,* on which he was joined by Mick Jagger.

He has released five albums of extremely inconsistent quality. The first two, *Legalize It* ('75) and *Equal Rights* ('77) came out on CBS. He then signed with Rolling Stones Records (hence the Jagger connection) for whom he has released three albums, *Bush Doctor* ('78), *Mystic Man* ('79) and *Wanted Dread And Alive* ('81)

Generally the music on all these albums is too stoned, too serious. It plods along where it should be more up-full, it pulls punches where it should jump. Scattered through the five albums however, there are a number of gems. *No Sympathy* (on *Legalize It)* is a piece of awesomely funky rock'n'roll reggae delivered with an almost Stones-like aggression which is Tosh's best quality. *Stepping Razor* is a menacing walk through the Kingston streets at night. *Nothing But Love* (from *Wanted Dread And Alive)* is a lovely soulful duet with Gwen Guthrie.

Tosh's comparatively abstemious lifestyle, a product of his Rastafarian beliefs, jarred with the Stones' legendary hedonism and he has since left Rolling Stones Records. At the time of *Bush Doctor's* release, he complained bitterly that they had forced him to record *Don't Look Back* and to have Jagger singing on it. Even though it was a hit, he thought it was rubbish.

"I just couldn't work with them no more," was all he had to say on the subject of Mick'n'Keef

He has just completed a new album, *Mama Africa,* which should be released in Australia any day now. When I asked him about the new album and about his current band (his longtime rhythm section, the renowned Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, are no longer with him), all he would say was:

"You'll see when I come to Australia."

At this point Tosh efficiently wound up our conversation, claiming he was tired from driving all day and had to go to bed. Although I found him extremely uncommunicative, I put it down to the late hour — by my primitive calculations it was about four am in his timezone

Certainly, his concerts are bound to be worth catching. While the albums haven't met with huge success, his live performances can be stunning. In the Jamaican concert movie *Reggae Sunsplash*, the tense electricity of his presence left the other acts for dead.

As Robert Palmer said in the *New York Times:* "Peter Tosh's music might be bland, but his live show you just can't afford to miss. Words cannot describe Peter Tosh live, only in experiencing this sensation can one truly feel the impact."


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There are two ways at looking at the new INXS single *"TO LOOK AT YOU"

1 LIMITED EDITION
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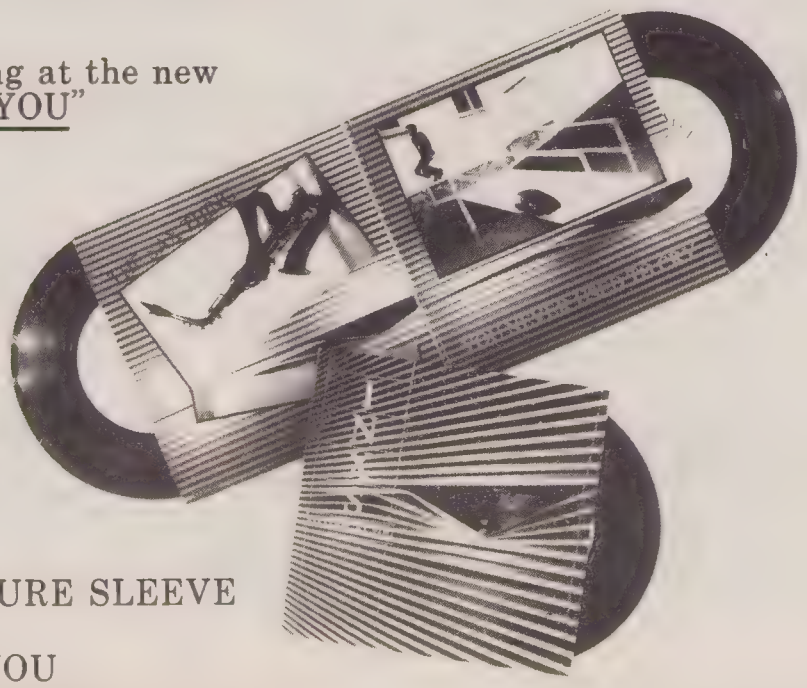

2 LIMITED PICTURE SLEEVE SINGLE
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FROM THE PLATINUM ALBUM
"SHABOOH SHOOBAH"

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performed by
**JOE COCKER**
and
**JENNIFER WARNES**

**HUNGRY FOR YOUR LOVE**
performed by **VAN MORRISON**

**TUSH** performed by **ZZ TOP**

**TREAT ME RIGHT** performed by **PAT BENATAR**

**BE REAL**
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**LOVE THEME FROM**
**"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN"**
performed by **LEE RITENOUR**

**TUNNEL OF LOVE** performed by **DIRE STRAITS**

**THE MORNING AFTER LOVE THEME**

Liberation
LIB 5013
Manufactured and Distributed by EMI Australia

**The soundtrack of the movie**

# Young and WHAM!my

## LYNN HANNA Goes For It with the Young Guns of Watford

Wham Punks On Dope? (Pic: B.B.C./LFI)

**THIS WAS the week when everything went WHAM!. . . When a barbed sex battle raged on the radio and a swaggering funk single brought fresh zest to the tired charts.**

**. . . When the macho joys of staying single were comically pitted against the lure of love.**

**. . . When that creepy guy who insisted on interfering was told where to go by a girl who could obviously give just as good as she got. . .**

Despite appearances, the success story of Andrew Ridgeley and George Michael is no simple triumph of charmed innocence. A strong streak of native cunning and a shrewd commercial instinct have combined with the more slap-happy element of luck in paving the way for two new conquering pop heroes.

On the morning that I meet them, George and Andrew are pretty pleased with themselves, as well they might be with their first top ten single confirming them as the latest chart darlings of a nation's young hearts. And at 19, George and Andrew are still young enough to be part of a generation whose expectations of life after education are totally different from anyone who approached adult life before the present government was elected.

Wham! come from Watford, a town on the edge of North London's urban sprawl, where they went to the same school until Andrew left for college while George stayed in the sixth-form.

Both are boys who take their pleasure-seeking extremely seriously, and it was in '78, as they remember somewhat solemnly, that they became involved with a suburban soul scene, moving on to affiliate themselves with the ska and 2-Tone musical movement when the discos slipped into a more limpid jazz-funk.

"Ska had that energy. That's what we've always listened to, the stuff that's got the energy at the moment," says George.

While Wham! expended their adolescent energy in dancing and drinking, school not surprisingly took second place and their results suffered correspondingly.

"Andrew didn't get our exams because he was being a college trendy. I was a sixth-form rebel — which didn't take much," George adds.

"I think we both stayed on at school so we'd have an excuse to stay at home and wouldn't have to go out to work, being lazy. We both knew that all we wanted to be was pop stars.

"We're both the types that should have got our A-levels with flying colours, but we were really lazy, so we didn't. We spent most of the time round at Andrew's house, mucking about on instruments and writing songs."

Inevitably they gathered up a group — a ska band to start with. When they left school they signed on the dole and carried on composing. A year later their second single entered the charts and in retrospect made their short career look almost like a masterplan.

"We were both *convinced* that once the songs were heard by the right people we were going to make it. It was just convincing other people of that —like parents, that was the hard job.

"You're surrounded by people who are trying hard and failing dismally, and you've got to convince your parents that you're not one of those people. They don't realise the difference between a hit song and a bad song, they just think it's totally a matter of luck. I always told them, obviously it's a matter of luck, but it's not *all* luck. If you write good songs for long enough, someone's going to want to make money out of them."

In the event their record contract came just in time, since George's long-suffering father, incensed by his apparent lack of activity was on the brink of throwing him out of house and home.

"Now he just keeps asking when the money's coming in," he laughs.

AS WE talk in a bar a few yards away from their tiny record company offices in the debby mecca of London's South Molton Street, you can't help feeling that these pleasure-loving, smooth-talking teenagers are the owners of two very hard young heads. Wham! are inclined to bandy the jargon of markets, promotion and sales with a commercial candour that's worthy of an experienced ad-man or a satin-jacketed rock executive. In part this is no doubt due to the necessities of understanding the rock rigmarole when you don't have a manager.

"That's been an advantage, definitely," explains George. "We've had a lot closer contacts with a lot of areas."

"We know the machinations a lot more," adds Andrew.

Less charitably it's possible to speculate just how fine is the line between a refreshing realistic attitude to the entertainment industry and the dismally limited vision that characterises The Biz.

For the moment, however, the one debatable financial error Wham! have made so far is signing a contract so speedily — to Innervision, a small subsidiary of CBS, for a £500 advance each.

"We knew we were going to be massive, so we didn't want a big advance," claims George.

"It was the usual job of panicking and signing when you shouldn't really have done it, but it's got us where we are now, so it's nothing really to complain about. Any mistakes that we may have made, we'd still do it again to be number ten this week. Every company has its advantages and disadvantages, there's not much difference."

Their first record, *Wham Rap*, now due to be reintroduced to the shops on the strength of *Young Guns*' success. coincided with a wider realisation of the huge implications of a young dole queue generation. A spirited fist shaken in the face of adult apathy and suspicious disapproval, *Wham Rap* is a refusal to be denied the good things of life, its slick sloganeering sliced into an exhilarating funk setting; a spontaneous emotional response rather than a stiff political cliche.

"We were writing about what was happening at the time that was really typical of most people," George explains. "Obviously more with people in the North, they didn't want to go out and do grotty jobs and yet there was nothing else.

"Some people are going to take any lyric seriously, however funny. We were thinking about doing one on a driving test and you can just imagine people slagging you off for that. You know. Don't you think about all those people who have failed six times?

"We've done grotty jobs, so we weren't talking off the tops of our heads. We've done all kinds of things —labouring, cinema ushers, warehouse work, cleaning, washing up. We realised after a while it was better to stay at home."

YOUNG GUNS — a witty condemnation of a dreary domesticity which can prove permanently crushing when undertaken at too early an age —has also met its critics who see an unpleasant male braggadocio beneath the sparring repartee of those cracking love-hate lyrics.

"What happened was that the lyric wasn't as well written as it could have been, because George had to do it in the studio," says Andrew.

"The sentiment wasn't truly expressed. It didn't really come across."

"At the same time, I didn't think there was any harm in the lyric," adds George. "It's worked so well in every other way.

"The idea when we went in the studio was anti-young marriage — of either sex. It didn't mean to be anti-young girls. It just seemed to us that the funniest thing we could think of relating to it was the way you get the boys up the pub saying, 'Where's so-and-so? Oh, he's at home, she's kept him in again.'

"It might not be right or true of all situations, but it does happen a lot and we're just commenting on it. That is what people listen to, and they think they know that situation.

"For people in that situation, the girls is the one to feel sorry for. In a lot of cases she's not been brought up to expect anything more than to feel supported and secure. We were just looking at it as it happens. We weren't taking sides. It was a comic observation."


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THE CHOSEN FEW

**MARCH, SUN. 6:** THE JOHNNIES
SCREAMING TRIBESMEN
THE END

**MARCH, WED. 9:** THE RODNEY RUDE COMEDY SHOW

**MARCH, FRI. 11:** THE DROPBEARS
HOI POLLOI
RIGID WITH DESIRE

**MARCH, SAT. 12:** SARDINE
THE SCIENTISTS
SOGGY PORRIDGE

**MARCH, SUN. 13:** IDIOM FLESH
A BOX OF FISH
HEAVEN ON EARTH, PIGS

**MARCH, WED. 16:** THE RODNEY RUDE COMEDY SHOW

**MARCH, FRI. 18:** MACHINATIONS
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# CHARTZ

## US45S

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | **DOWN UNDER** ..... Men At Work |
| 2 | 2 | **BABY, COME TO ME** .... Patti Austin |
| 3 | 3 | **AFRICA** ..... Toto |
| 4 | 5 | **STRAY CAT STRUT** ..... Stray Cats |
| 5 | 6 | **DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME?** ..... Culture Club |
| 6 | 7 | **SHAME ON THE MOON** .. Bob Seger ..... and the Silver Bullet Band |
| 7 | 9 | **BILLIE JEAN** ..... Michael Jackson |
| 8 | 10 | **YOU ARE** ..... Lionel Richie |
| 9 | 11 | **HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF** ..... Duran Duran |
| 10 | 4 | **MANEATER** ..... ..... Daryl Hall and John Oates |

## USLPS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | **BUSINESS AS USUAL** Men At Work |
| 2 | 2 | **THRILLER** ..... Michael Jackson |
| 3 | 3 | **THE DISTANCE** ..... Bob Seger and ..... the Silver Bullet Band |
| 4 | 4 | **BUILT FOR SPEED** ..... Stray Cats |
| 5 | 5 | **H20** ..... Daryl Hall and John Oates |
| 6 | 6 | **LIONEL RICHIE** ..... Lionel Richie |
| 7 | 7 | **GET NERVOUS** ..... Pat Benatar |
| 8 | 8 | **THE NYLON CURTAIN** .... Billy Joel |
| 9 | 10 | **HELLO, I MUST BE GOING** ..... Phil Collins |
| 10 | 11 | **SPRING SESSION M** ..... Missing Persons |

## NEW RELEASES

### SINGLES

**TIME (Clock of the Heart)** ..... Culture Club
**LET ME GO** ..... Heaven 17
**WHITE WEDDING** ..... Billy Idol
**TO THE BEAT** ..... Joanna
**FOREVER** ... Little Steven & the Disciples of ..... Soul
**YOUTH OF TODAY** ..... Musical Youth
**LAST NIGHT (I Didn't Get To Sleep At All)** ..... The Reels
**EUROPEAN FEMALE** ..... The Stranglers
**UNCERTAIN SMILE** ..... The The
**BAD TIMING** ..... The Triffids
**NEW YEAR'S DAY** ..... U2
**TOUGH GUY** ..... Vitabeats

### ALBUMS

**HAPPY FAMILIES** ..... Blancmange
**DIFFICULT SHAPES & PASSIVE RHYTHMS** ..... China Crisis
**GETAWAY** ..... Chris de Burgh
**NO MAN'S LAND** ..... Lene Lovich
**RHYTHM OF YOUTH** ..... Men Without Hats
**RIP IT UP** ..... Orange Juice
**BENEFACTOR** ..... Romeo Void
**FELINE** ..... The Stranglers

Compiled by SCANES MUSIC RESEARCH, PO BOX 432, AVALON BEACH, 2107 NSW

## OZ45s

| TW | LW | HP | W. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | 1 | 7 | **GLORIA** ..... Laura Branigan |
| 2 | 11 | 2 | 3 | •**YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE** ..... Phil Collins |
| 3 | 10 | 3 | 3 | •**TWISTING BY THE POOL** ..... Dire Straits |
| 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | **UP WHERE WE BELONG** ..... Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes |
| 5 | 2 | 1 | 11 | **HEARTBREAKER** ..... Dionne Warwick |
| 6 | 3 | 1 | 12 | **DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME?** ..... Culture Club |
| 7 | 6 | 6 | 7 | **TRULY** ..... Lionel Richie |
| 8 | 76 | 4 | 10 | **I EAT CANNIBALS** ..... Toto Coelo |
| 9 | 4 | 4 | 12 | **THE CLAPPING SONG** ..... The Belle Stars |
| 10 | 9 | 9 | 5 | **YOUNG GUNS (Go For It)** ..... Wham! |
| 11 | 15 | 11 | 4 | **I COULD BE SO GOOD FOR YOU** ..... Dennis Waterman |
| 12 | 14 | 11 | 5 | **SCIENCE FICTION** ..... Divinyls |
| 13 | 18 | 13 | 4 | •**SEXUAL HEALING** ..... Marvin Gaye |
| 14 | 8 | 6 | 10 | **MIRROR MAN** ..... The Human League |
| 15 | 16 | 15 | 4 | **AFRICA** ..... Toto |
| 16 | 13 | 3 | 19 | **SOLID ROCK** ..... Goanna |
| 17 | 19 | 17 | 4 | **ZOOM** ..... Fat Larry's Band |
| 18 | 25 | 18 | 5 | •**AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU** ..... Chas & Dave |
| 19 | 12 | 1 | 15 | **PASS THE DUTCHIE** ..... Musical Youth |
| 20 | 23 | 20 | 12 | **US FORCES** ..... Midnight Oil |
| 21 | 17 | 11 | 15 | **BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG** ... The Pretenders |
| 22 | 22 | 22 | 4 | **I NEED YOU** ..... Paul Carrack |
| 23 | 30 | 20 | 11 | •**ALL OF MY HEART** ..... ABC |
| 24 | 37 | 24 | 2 | •**OUR HOUSE** ..... Madness |
| 25 | 24 | 12 | 17 | **I'M SO EXCITED** ..... Pointer Sisters |
| 26 | 33 | 26 | 9 | •**MY FRIEND** .... Simon Gallaher & Jackie Love |
| 27 | 21 | 5 | 12 | **DR HECKYLL AND MR JIVE** ..... Men At Work |
| 28 | — | 28 | 1 | •**LIVING ON THE CEILING** ..... Blancmange |
| 29 | 20 | 10 | 11 | **WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN** The Fureys |
| 30 | 26 | 26 | 6 | **HOOKED ON HOOKS** ..... Skyhooks |
| 31 | 28 | 21 | 10 | **LOVE MY WAY** ..... The Psychedelic Furs |
| 32 | — | 32 | 1 | •**THE OTHER GUY** ..... Little River Band |
| 33 | 34 | 33 | 3 | **WHAT'S FOREVER FOR?** ..... Michael Murphey |
| 34 | 32 | 8 | 14 | **HEY LITTLE GIRL** ..... Icehouse |
| 35 | 27 | 14 | 12 | **DON'T CHANGE** ..... INXS |
| 36 | 36 | 30 | 5 | **SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT** ..... Pat Benatar |
| 37 | — | 37 | 1 | **I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU** ..... Barry Manilow |
| 38 | 35 | 3 | 20 | **ROCK THE CASBAH** ..... The Clash |
| 39 | — | 39 | 1 | **THE MESSAGE** ..... Grand Master Flash & ..... the Furious Five |
| 40 | — | 40 | 1 | **SHOOP SHOOP DIDDY WOP CUMMA CUMMA WANG DANG** ..... Monte Video & the Cassettes |

## OZLPs

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | 1 | 12 | **THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION** ..... John Lennon |
| 2 | 7 | 2 | 7 | •**THE VERY BEST OF THE CARPENTERS** ..... The Carpenters |
| 3 | 3 | 1 | 12 | **SPIRIT OF PLACE** ..... Goanna |
| 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | **DESPERATE** ..... Divinyls |
| 5 | 4 | 1 | 21 | **LOVE OVER GOLD** ..... Dire Straits |
| 6 | 2 | 2 | 12 | **10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1,** ..... Midnight Oil |
| 7 | 8 | 6 | 15 | **GREATEST HITS Vol 3** ..... Olivia Newton-John |
| 8 | 6 | 6 | 12 | **ENZ OF AN ERA** ..... Split Enz |
| 9 | 16 | 9 | 4 | •**THE DISTANCE** ..... Bob Seger & ..... the Silver Bullet Band |
| 10 | 25 | 8 | 29 | •**THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK** ..... Simon & Garfunkel |
| 11 | 9 | 4 | 18 | **SHABOOH SHOOBAH** ..... INXS |
| 12 | 10 | 8 | 11 | **HEARTBREAKER** ..... Dionne Warwick |
| 13 | 11 | 5 | 11 | **GREATEST HITS Vol 2** ..... The Eagles |
| 14 | 21 | 14 | 5 | •**RECORDS** ..... Foreigner |
| 15 | 12 | 1 | 23 | **PRIMITIVE MAN** ..... Icehouse |
| 16 | 14 | 14 | 5 | **LIONEL RICHIE** ..... Lionel Richie |
| 17 | 13 | 6 | 10 | **KISSING TO BE CLEVER** ..... Culture Club |
| 18 | 23 | 18 | 4 | •**CREATURES OF THE NIGHT** ..... Kiss |
| 19 | 18 | 16 | 4 | **TRANS** ..... Neil Young |
| 20 | 15 | 11 | 12 | **WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN** The Fureys |
| 21 | 17 | 2 | 15 | **FAMOUS LAST WORDS** ..... Supertramp |
| 22 | 20 | 4 | 17 | **HOTTEST HITS** ..... Hot Chocolate |
| 23 | 27 | 23 | 3 | **THE RISE AND FALL** ..... Madness |
| 24 | 19 | 5 | 25 | **THE LEXICON OF LOVE** ..... ABC |
| 25 | — | 22 | 7 | •**HELLO, I MUST BE GOING** ..... Phil Collins |
| 26 | 31 | 1 | 38 | •**BUSINESS AS USUAL** ..... Men At Work |
| 27 | 29 | 1 | 35 | **AVALON** ..... Roxy Music |
| 28 | 24 | 3 | 16 | **H2O** ..... Daryl Hall & John Oates |
| 29 | 22 | 4 | 18 | **THE NYLON CURTAIN** ..... Billy Joel |
| 30 | 30 | 28 | 10 | **WHAT A RUDE ALBUM** ..... Doug Mulray & Ken Sterling |
| 31 | 38 | 14 | 16 | •**SCARRED FOR LIFE** ..... Rose Tattoo |
| 32 | 32 | 32 | 4 | **IV** ..... Toto |
| 33 | 34 | 33 | 4 | **REACH** ..... Richard Simmons |
| 34 | — | 34 | 1 | •**LIVE AT SEVERAL 21st's** ..... The Party Boys |
| 35 | — | 35 | 1 | •**25 YEARS OF GOLD** ..... Cliff Richards |
| 36 | 26 | 23 | 6 | **GREATEST HITS** ..... Pointer Sisters |
| 37 | 28 | 16 | 6 | **LOVE SONGS** ..... Elton John |
| 38 | 33 | 3 | 25 | **NIGHT AND DAY** ..... Joe Jackson |
| 39 | 35 | 24 | 9 | **LIVING MY LIFE** ..... Grace Jones |
| 40 | — | 35 | 2 | **DIG THE NEW BREED** ..... The Jam |

## UK45S

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | 13 | •**CHANGE** ..... Tears For Fears |
| 2 | 1 | **DOWN UNDER** ..... Men At Work |
| 3 | 3 | **TOO SHY** ..... Kajagoogoo |
| 4 | 2 | **SIGN OF THE TIMES** .... Belle Stars |
| 5 | 11 | •**UP WHERE WE BELONG** Joe Cocker ..... and Jennifer Warnes |
| 6 | 22 | •**AFRICA** ..... Toto |
| 7 | 8 | **LAST NIGHT A DEEJAY SAVED MY LIFE** ..... Indeep |
| 8 | 16 | •**BILLIE JEAN** ..... Michael Jackson |
| 9 | 9 | **WHAM RAP** ..... Wham! |
| 10 | 4 | **ELECTRIC AVENUE** .... Eddy Grant |
| 11 | 17 | **CHRISTIAN** ..... China Crisis |
| 12 | 7 | **GLORIA** ..... Laura Branigan |
| 13 | 5 | **THE CUTTER** ..... Echo and the Bunnymen |
| 14 | 19 | **OH DIANE** ..... Fleetwood Mac |
| 15 | 6 | **NEW YEAR'S DAY** ..... U2 |
| 16 | 28 | •**TUNNEL OF LOVE** ..... Fun Boy Three |
| 17 | 24 | •**LOVE ON YOUR SIDE** ..... Thompson Twins |
| 18 | 10 | **YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE** ..... Phil Collins |
| 19 | 21 | **NATURE BOY** ..... Central Line |
| 20 | — | •**GET THE BALANCE RIGHT** ..... Depeche Mode |
| 21 | 18 | **HOLD ME TIGHTER IN THE RAIN** ..... Billy Griffin |
| 22 | 14 | **THE STORY OF THE BLUES** ... Wah! |
| 23 | 15 | **TWISTING BY THE POOL** ..... Dire Straits |
| 24 | 12 | **STEPPIN' OUT** ..... Joe Jackson |
| 25 | — | •**TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY** ..... Madness |
| 26 | — | **COMMUNICATION** . Spandau Ballet |
| 27 | — | **COLD SWEAT** ..... Thin Lizzy |
| 28 | 29 | **1999** ..... Prince |
| 29 | 25 | **THE CHINESE WAY** ..... Level 42 |
| 30 | — | **NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP** ..... Musical Youth |

## UKLPS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | **BUSINESS AS USUAL** . Men at Work |
| 2 | 4 | **NIGHT AND DAY** ..... Joe Jackson |
| 3 | 23 | •**PORCUPINE** ..... Echo and the Bunnymen |
| 4 | 3 | **HELLO, I MUST BE GOING** ..... Phil Collins |
| 5 | 2 | **FELINE** ..... The Stranglers |
| 6 | 12 | **KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE** ..... Eddy Grant |
| 7 | 10 | **THRILLER** ..... Michael Jackson |
| 8 | 9 | **THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION** ..... John Lennon |
| 9 | 5 | **THE ART OF FALLING APART** ..... Soft Cell |
| 10 | 13 | **RICHARD CLAYDERMAN** ..... Richard Clayderman |
| 11 | 6 | **HEARTBREAKER** .. Dionne Warwick |
| 12 | 28 | •**BELLE STARS** ..... Belle Stars |
| 13 | — | •**ALL THE BEST** ... Stiff Little Fingers |
| 14 | — | •**ANOTHER PAGE** Christopher Cross |
| 15 | 8 | **LIVE EVIL** ..... Black Sabbath |
| 16 | 18 | **DIFFICULT SHAPES AND PASSIVE RHYTHMS** ..... China Crisis |
| 17 | — | •**MAKING CONTACT** ..... UFO |
| 18 | — | •**WAITING** ..... Fun Boy Three |
| 19 | 1 | **RAIDERS OF THE POP CHART** ..... Various Artists |
| 20 | 17 | **TRANS** ..... Neil Young |
| 21 | 20 | **BOWIE RARE** ..... David Bowie |
| 22 | 16 | **RIO** ..... Duran Duran |
| 23 | 7 | **CACHARPAYA** ..... Incantation |
| 24 | 15 | **FRIENDS** ..... Shalamar |
| 25 | 14 | **SKY FIVE LIVE** ..... Sky |
| 26 | — | **VISIONS** ..... Various Artists |
| 27 | — | **THE VERY BEST OF CILLA BLACK** ..... Cilla Black |
| 28 | 24 | **LOVE OVER GOLD** ..... Dire Straits |
| 29 | — | **MONEY AND CIGARETTES** ..... Eric Clapton |
| 30 | — | **FRONTIERS** ..... Journey |


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*It's You, Only You (Mein Schmerz)*

***Blue Hotel***

***Faces***

***Walking Low***

***Special Star***

*side two*

***Sister Video***

***Maria***

***Savages***

***Rocky Road***

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MUSO'S WORLD

# Guitars Into Synthesizers

***The HUMAN LEAGUE's JO CALLIS tells TONY BACON how he'd like to plug in.***

Jo Callis

THEY DEFINITELY had a fear of guitars then," says Jo Callis of his first musical dealings with the Human League, way back towards the beginning of '81.

Callis arrived in the group by a circuitous route aided and abetted by mutual friends like Bob Last, now the League's manager and at one time roadie with one of Jo's earlier bands, the Rezillos.

But in the Rezillos, Callis had been the main songwriter and, more significantly, a guitarist — not a keyboard in sight. Lately, the League's musical sources are becoming more widespread, with guitar-string vibrations an increasingly common method of providing the control voltages, both from Ian Burden's bass synth and Jo's six-string guitar synth.

But what about before? Wouldn't even the *thought* of An Electric Guitar then have sent all their filters into wild oscillation? Callis explains.

"They definitely had a fear of guitars then, a fear of instruments, because no-one else could play them, I suppose. Ian could play bass and that, but no-one in the old group could play instruments. I don't know — they were sticking pretty much to the synthesizer-only thing. It seemed like a good idea at the time, it had been the Human League's trademark really up to that point

"Now, I think the emphasis has changed more to songwriting and obviously an identifiable sound. The Human League aren't to me now a synthesizery-sounding group. I'd say it's still an *electronic* group."

But it's interesting to note that the group didn't totally oust guitar when it came to recording *Dare*, despite the overwhelming synthesizer flavour of the project. On *Don't You Want Me* there was a part that needed "a funky guitar kind of feel, almost Bo Diddley" as Jo explains it

But, try as the group and producer Martin Rushent might to get this elusive quality through the regulation button-pushing method, the sound just wasn't right. They wanted to get this guitar-like sound in a way that didn't require manual playing, with everything remaining synched tightly in time, so a real guitar was out.

Eventually Rushent rigged up a complex triggering patch whereby Callis played a rhythmic pattern on guitar that would trigger a pre-programmed chord sequence on the Microcomposer.

"The MC8 was programming the chords through the System 700," says Jo, "but the whole thing was triggered by a guitar-strumming pattern. . . as I played the strumming pattern, it didn't matter what I *played* on guitar — the same chords would be coming out of the synthesizer, but to the rhythm I played. It was a synthesizer at the end of the day, but the whole triggering thing was done with a stringed instrument."

The sound in question is easily heard on the resulting *Dare* mix of *Don't You Want Me*, a distinctly guitar-like rhythm sound entering for the verses on the left channel (on the *Love & Dancing* dub version it doesn't come in properly until the second "verse").

Now Callis has started to work with a Roland polyphonic guitar synth, and it's proving to be something of a mixed blessing — excellent as an extra colour to be added to the electronic wash, but frustrating in that Jo has now had a fair amount of experience with keyboard synths, and finds the synthesizer unit a little limiting

"I'd like something where the two marry in a more ideal way," he says. "Everyone associates 'synthesizer' with something that's keyboard orientated. I suppose that's because it's the easiest control medium for a synthesizer. The market for the guitar synthesizer is guitarists, not synthesizer players really. So it's obviously got to be simpler so that guitarists can relate to it.

"But what I'd really love is something that's got all the difference in control, all the versatility and sound that a synthesizer's got, *plus* the completely different triggering effect that a guitar can give you. To me, the ultimate is when you can get a synthesizer unit and can plug into it any control instrument or source you want — even miked-up harp!"

He mentions the Roland Rack pitch-to-voltage synthesizer as the only unit he's come across that attempts to incorporate this kind of universal synthesizer interface idea.

Certainly I've heard of the Roland P-V being applied relatively successfully to brass — Gary Barnacle and Pete Thoms, for example — but Callis obviously has something a little more sophisticated in mind.

Jo won't have to wait too long for a programmable guitar synth — Roland's new GR700 will have this facility when it's released this year. But the hip-level control panel would in fact be a reversion to Roland's original GR500 guitar synthesizer, first marketed in 1977 and a much more complicated creature.

Much of the criticism aimed at the 500 came from guitarists overwhelmed by this electronic invasion of their instrument.

Jo, on the other hand, is quite attracted by what he's heard of the 500: "I'd actually like to see that original one, I've only seen pictures of it," he says. But the newer 300 that he has, is proving to be an interesting stop-gap.

But Jo's still looking beyond what he sees as the inherent limitations of the Roland 300, and again mentions that he'd like something which brings more elements from the keyboard-based synthesizer to guitar control. Inevitably, marketing rears it masked head.

"There's just so many ways you can trigger the sound," he estimates. "I suppose it's just having markets for it, in pure economics. There probably aren't that many brass players, say, who are interested in synthesizers. Most people who've decided they want to use synthesizers have done it through keyboard control.

"But there are a lot of guitarists who play synthesizer now, and a lot of synthesizer players who'll play a bit of guitar. A lot of synthesizers in pop groups were initially played by the group's guitarist — people like the Who, Pete Townsend used to play the synthesizer on Who records.

"A lot of groups like that, when they wanted to look a bit more multi-talented or whatever, the guitarist played the synthesizer. So I think there must be a bigger area than the makers think — people who are in between."


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# SEEN & HEARD

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Siouxsie (Pic: Bob King)

## SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
### *(Capitol Theatre, Sydney)*

**A Kiss In The Dreamhouse? Well, the cavernous acoustics of the Capitol are more apt to bludgeon the senses, but uncannily, they seemed to complement Siouxsie's soaring, deep-throated alto... Made no less atmospheric by the looming presence of the decore's resident gargoyles, as they presided approvingly over the netherworldly shimmer of Siouxsie & the Banshees.**

**An apparation in ragged black, her imperious presence towered over the bookendish Banshees, the only foil a blonde-tufted windmill of a drummer not always eclipsed by her shadow. He glowed, she flowed, and on either side the steadying influences. Bassist Steve Severin and guitarist Robert Smith were content in supporting roles. The former's pulsating rumble, the latter's deft colorations, framing Siouxsie's dipping caterwaul and Budgie's relentless invention.**

**Not a performance, hardly a concert, more an expression; never an encore, but a deference to ritual. A perfunctory reading of *Hong Kong Garden,* hardly called for, merely expected. All over within the hour, but enough. . . why pound upon trodden ground?**

**Better a *Kiss In The Dreamhouse* — a fluid *Cascade,* dissolving into *Melt*!, and more from the new album. Dancing figures magnified behind a diaphanous backdrop — visual echo on aural echo, imagery compounded. *Slowdive*, a graceful swoop into *Spellbound* past, exploding clouds in foreboding sky (oh, it's a smoke'n'lighting effect).**

**You had to be there. . .**

**PHIL STAFFORD**

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## DIVINYLS
## Desperate
## (Chrysalis)

Slight misnoma, that title. The Divinyls may well have been desperate *once*, as their former record company railed against them in bitter dispute, plunging the band into near limbo as would-be recorded product lay embargoed for months pending a contract release. That resolved, it's been upward flight for the Divinyls ever since.

First stop, New York: successful sessions result in equally successful debut albums. A single *Science Fiction* becomes sales fact, and the album's already outstripped it.

Not hard to figure why. With previous recorded output limited to a single (*Boys In Town*) and the *Monkey Grip* EP, Divinyl devotees were eager to slake a rabid thirst for more. And *Desperate's* not about to find them wanting.

The enforced hiatus has afforded the band a chance to hone their chops, solidify arrangements, and above all, write fresh material. There are nine new songs on this set, plus a cover of the Easybeats' *Make You Happy*, which kickstarts the album with an amphetamine rush.

The dual guitar attack rides the front line throughout, at once duelling with and complementing the sugar'n'acid edges of Chris Amphlett's formidable larynx. When she's not wrapping it around the lyrics, Amphlett's adding instrumental flourishes of her own, trilling, whooping and yodelling in counterpoint with the fused guitars of Mark McEntee and Bjarne Ohlin. Beneath it all, Richard Harvey and Rick Grossman graft with workmanlike precision.

If *Desperate* were to live up to its title, it'd reside within the flimsy framework of its lyrics, which exude a trite naivete at best and rely on facile rhymes of convenience elsewhere. Every track is a love (or lack of) song, but the subject matter isn't the problem — the lyrics convey the impression of having been strung together hurriedly, *desperately*, as if they're of scant relevance to the music. Lots of verse repetition and abject clumsiness tend to detract from an otherwise potent batch of tunes. This'd have to be a prime offender: *'You are my desire/Oh baby you make me cry/Got to find you, know you're out there/Got to get you back into my hair'* — (*Ring Me Up*). And for absolute silliness, go no further than: *'You are so dumb/You're not just a double-bum'* (*Sahara Rock*). Since when have multiple buttocks equated with intellectual deficiency? Not since kindy for me, and even then I questioned the logic of it all.

Lyrical shortcomings aside, *Desperate* proves beyond doubt that in this high-tech synthesiser age, electric guitars coupled with an impassioned vocal delivery still cross the heart of rock'n'roll. While guitar bands everywhere defer to keyboards as a concession to 'progress', the Divinyls hold up an encouraging resistence to trends. If they infused their lyrics with the ferocity of their instrumental attack, they'd be on the way to reversing a few as well.

**PHIL STAFFORD**

## DO. RE. MI
## The Waiting Room
## (Domestic Harmony — Mini Album)

"Musically, simplicity was the key: the bare bones of rhythms, understated arrangements and some melodies you could hum in the bath. . ." — Press release to *The Waiting Room.*

It's simple if you stand beside each player and focus solely on what she or he does. Viewed separately, bass drum and guitar parts are certainly sparse, frequently repetitive. But the combined result, where the riffs start at 90 or 180 degrees to each other, and strange accents pile up on beat two, where a pause mark flickers in and out of bars with odd-number time signatures. . . this gets quite complicated. And as for humming any of Deborah Conway's melodies, with or without benefit of soapy solitude — well, good luck. These are not always the scales or interval leaps of conventional warbling.

'Understated arrangements' indeed. But lots of time spent making sure every bit fits. Not a seamless groove, like an earlier generation of funk, but all those bare bones, bleeding guitar stumps and raw brass snarls have been well thought out and meticulously placed in relation to each other.

Of course, if you *didn't* get these elements pumping in careful arrangement, this music would collapse under the tension of the vocal line, 'cos these melodies flow over bar lines like they didn't exist. A private hope is that Do. Re. Mi will do a lot more playing in the future, get the instruments and the tunes so *down* that those careful riffs can stand a little flexing. A solid bass part doesn't preclude variation or ornament. . .

But meanwhile, overall and in general Do. Re. Mi music provokes enough of that essential twitch that signals the onset of mass dancing in these Post-Talking Heads tribal rhythm days. ("I do the Sway — it's stimulating!") And this underpins tunes and lyrics of undeniable power. Politics? Just reality in this town, this country from where I twitch: desperate, bored, fierce and tender only in regret. *'Oh, pity about you oh pity about me, more's the pity about her every time she comes inside. . .' (Man Overboard):* we may be better than the rest but not good enough for ourselves, and don't it make you wanna shout?

This album is six months old, as close in time to their debut self-titled EP as it is to now. You can probably get both for under twelve bucks, and if you're interested in the progressive and uncompromised music of this country, they should definitely be on your turntable. And if Do. Re. Mi ever come back from their holidays and get round to performing more than once every two months, you could get even more real.

**GREG TAYLOR**

## PAUL CARRACK
## Suburban Voodoo
## (CBS)

The name could be unfamiliar, the voice may not — remember *How Long (Has This Been Going On)*? Paul Carrack sang the original, since covered by (among numerous others) former Adelaide band, Scandal, who were around in the same era.

While Scandal minced around Australian stages in platform heels and pretty-boy makeup, Paul Carrack fronted a moderately successful English pub-rock band called Ace, who were more apt to sloth around in T-shirts'n'runners. Pretty boys they weren't, and didn't need to be.

Ten years down the line, and Carrack's as ugly as ever, still clad in T-shirt and three-day growth. Little was heard of him after Ace disbanded in 1975 (apart from a brief flirtation with Roxy Music — he played keyboards on the *Manifesto* album), until he bobbed up in UK Squeeze as the latest in a long line of keyboardists to have passed through their ranks. Which is probably where many people heard Carrack's distinctively soulful vocals for the second time — a single from the 1981 Squeeze album *East Side Story* saw him go close to stealing the thunder from regular singers Glen Tilbrook and Chris Difford. The song was *Tempted*, for many (and me) the album's highpoint. Amazingly, it was the only song Carrack got to sing on the LP, and he departed the band soon after the completion of recording. I mean, I'd feel wasted as well.

Now comes his solo debut, and one comes to realise just how wasted he was. Not only is the guy an excellent singer, but he's a consummate player and writer as well — and *Suburban Voodoo* is more than adequate testimony to his talents.

With most albums, it's reasonable to expect at least a couple of duff tracks, or at least the occasional lapse into mediocrity. It just doesn't happen here. From the jauntily upbeat r'n'b jag of the opener, *Lesson In Love* to the rousing chorus fadeout of the closing *I Found Love, Suburban Voodoo* is a spell worth the getting under. Carrack has absorbed the best elements from the Stax/Atlantic/Motown mould, but has forged the resulting amalgam with his own hands. Passing nods in the direction of James Brown, Al Green or Percy Sledge may be convenient reference points. . . but they just don't do his voice justice. From breathless ballad to r'n'b shout, Carrack's always in control.

No synths or related neo-gadgetry for this guy — just basic bar-room piano and organ augmented by guitar, bass and drums from the ubiquitous Rockpile mafia: Martin Belmont wields the axe, James Eller pumps the bass, and Bobby Irwin punches the holes. Orchestrating the whole incestuous affair is Nick Lowe, who produced and shared backup vocals with Carrack and Irwin — together, the three sound blacker than the Persuasions, and could cut it on any ol' Harlem streetcorner.

Lowe also figures in the songwriting credits, with wife Carlene Carter, Belmont and Carrack himself, and the Squeeze connection is recalled with a Difford/Tilbrook tune kicking off side two. But the strongest songs belong to Carrack — one of his several endearing quirks is a fascination with metaphor, exemplified to effect in the current single, *I Need You:*

*'I need you/Like a fly needs a plate. . ./Like a ball needs a game. . ./Like a pool needs a cue. . ./Like a shot needs to shoot. . .'* Cute, huh? It gets cuter, like in *I'm In Love: 'If love is a car, I'll get in and drive it/If love is a drug, I'd be tempted to try it/If love be a full-page ad, I'd probably buy it'.*

Carrack even *talks* like that. In a recent interview, he let fly with what must be the ultimate congregation of metaphors and cliches in a single sentence; referring to the void he fell into after the demise of Ace, he told *Melody Maker's* David Fricke: "I was getting nowhere fast — nowhere slowly, in fact. I was biding time to the extent where I was missing the boat; I was just disappearing up my own arse."

Thankfully, he's popped out again.

**PHIL STAFFORD**

## THE THOMPSON TWINS
## Set
## (Astor)

This record epitomises all that was good and bad about English music during 1981 and 1982. These twin extremes are represented by the laudable desire to expand our definition of pop by plagiarising (yet again) black and latin musics and the frequently execrable results of this plundering. Oh whiteys, why do you bother!

The Thompson Twins play a hybrid of Afro-funk cum reggae-pop that virtually every London band (and their dog) has had a bash at over the last couple of years. But in their favour, it must be said that the Twins were playing their jaunty, jaundiced rhythms long before that particular bandwagon rolled into town.

The music bounces along with a knowing wink towards XTC and a wide-eyed stare at Africa, propelled forward on a percussive-heavy bass, congas, cymbals etc.; it's all busy, busy, *busy*, as if something exciting is going on. But peer below the surface gloss and there's nothing there. This is shallow music for superficial people.

And yet *Set* is not a particularly bad record; the Thompson Twins pull off their sortie into foreign parts more successfully than most of their peers (but is that saying much?) *Living in Europe* and *Good Gosh* are two tracks that fuse their sources with a relaxed authenticity. And you can choose to ignore or absorb their soft-core politics as the fancy takes you.

But 'scuse me if I feel a touch cynical whilst listening to this product of the Twins' activist period, for the word is that the group have now ditched their consciences along with their two guitarists and their old clothes. They're now much more concerned with presenting the right image, wearing the latest Vivien Westwood creations and recording their followup album in the Bahamas.

The trigger for all this spring-cleaning activity was the opening track on this LP, *In the Name of Love*, a rather lifeless disco-funk ditty which nevertheless has them bopping in discos and clubs across the USA. Aha, thought the Twins, if this is what they want, this is what we'll give them. So much for musical commitment. . . a rather oldfashioned concept these days, anyway.

*Set's* fussy, frantic production — throw your brickbats and rotten eggs at Steve Lillywhite, please — makes me long for the wide open spaces of King Sunny Ade or the laidback funk of George Clinton. *Set* is strictly for urban agoraphobics. I'll pass on this one.

**MARIE RYAN**

**Thompson Twins (Pic: Santo Basone/LFI)**

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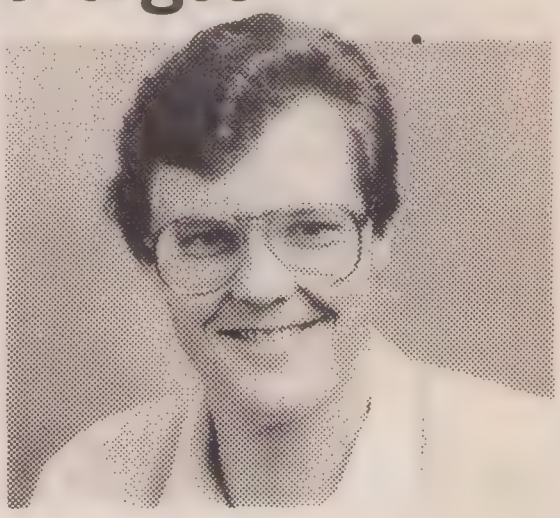

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## COMSAT ANGELS
## Fiction
## (Polydor)

The third Comsat Angels album since 1980 sees them as "doomsteady" (their term) as ever, but moving further away from their "Sheffield heavy metal" sound of 1980. Singer Stephen Fellows still walks his 'mirrored hallway' of difficult choices, quiet betrayals and delicate ironies. He still lights the hallway with troubling images of rain, decay and disorder.

Optimism does shine through, but rarely so openly as in the pretty windchimes and cymbals of *After the Rain*. More in style is *Pictures*, its swirling keyboards and regretful guitar fills painting the autumn fires of dissolution — *'It wasn't out of cruelty I said goodbye today/But the pictures were turning yellow.' Not a Word* seems to play the same territory as it works through the verses over powerful drumming and stabbing fuzz guitar chords — *'Nothing serious — I found an old letter in the dust on the shelf'*. Then it stops being elegant and edges over into panic with a fast 60s-style guitar raga.

*Zinger*, a former B-side, is another that shows they're not just a pretty face. Always humidly atmospheric (*'She took a drink from the radio-ozone'*!), it bulldozes along with fat, meaty bass, scratchy lead and glittery keyboards.

Honourable mention should also go to *More* and *Ju Ju Money*, barbed but elegantly played pieces about grabbing all you can while drowning Then surely the album's sleeper is the side two closer *What Else?* It has those melancholy refrains and hardstepping fuzz guitar accusatory verses — *'You feel caught in your circumstances/Don't take it out on me.'* What a surprise when it finds hope and flies away with climbing evanescent keyboads at the end!

Hope too that such a powerful album can come through in what was generally a dull year for vinyl. Hard not to think now of the Comsats as one of the class post-punk English acts, and let's hope their lingering acid streak keeps them going for an album or two yet.

**STEPHEN SAUNDERS**

Comsat Angels

# BOOX

## "E-graded records are frequently cited as proof that there is no God."

## ROCK ALBUMS OF THE SEVENTIES
### *By Robert Christagau (Vermillion Books, $14.95)*

A critical contemporary once said of rock critic Robert Christagau —"He's not exactly frightening. But he *will* look you straight in the eye and say 'This album is the first mistake she's made in twenty years' , and he means it." (And what's more, he's probably right!)

Christagau, the man expatriate American Cynthia Rose calls "America's most influential rock critic." His stock in trade is capsule album reviews: reviews that appear in the *Village Voice* (he is that paper's music editor), and that are reprinted monthly in *CREEM* magazine (which is the easiest way for people out here to read them). After his short comments about each album under review he gives them a rating from A+ all the way down to E-, (both these examples being extremely rare).

In his own words, an A+-rated record is "an organically conceived masterpiece that repays prolonged listening with new excitement and insight. It is unlikely to be marred by more than one merely ordinary cut". His E rating? — "E records are frequently cited as proof there is no God." And what of an E-? "An organically conceived masterpiece that repays repeated listening with a sense of horror in the face of the void. It is unlikely to be marred by one listenable cut."

Here in early 1983, the most annoying thing about *Rock Albums Of The Seventies* is that it really is 70s. It stops at the end of 1979; so when you look up the Clash, all we have are the first two — *Give 'Em Enough Rope* and *The Clash*. Or similarly, when looking under Springsteen we end up with a review of *Darkness At The Edge Of Town*. And his comment on Bruce? "An important minor artist or a rather flawed and inconsistent major one."

Like the rare good reference books (here I am thinking of another one — Thompson's *Biographical Dictionary Of Film*), the book can be read from cover to cover as well as being used (when needed) as a dictionary. (What does this album mean!?). Of the 3000-odd records that rate a mention here, only about 50 score an A- or better, which seems to indicate that Christagau's observations are, if not wordy, at least fairly rigorous.

The UK edition is the one on general sale in Australia, and in it he has written a special note for English readers, explaining why he has not included English imports within his guidelines for the book. His fairly convoluted three-page excuse does not befit condensation here, short of saying that this extract may give you an idea of what he is getting at: "I'm a critic, not a librarian. By sticking mainly to records available in America, I've managed to achieve relative completeness while holding my task to what might reasonably be expected of one compulsive maniac who loves his wife and takes in the occasional movie."

As with many critics, it is as much fun reading the put-downs as the praise. The first self-titled Black Sabbath LP was originally rated E (it was later rated C- for the book), and of it Christagau said: "The worst of the counter-culture on the plastic platter — bullshit necromancy, drug-impaired reaction time, long solos, everything. They claim to oppose war, but if I don't believe in loving my enemies I don't believe in loving my allies either, and I've been worried something like this was going to happen since the first time I saw a numerology column in an underground newspaper."

Or how about Debbie Boone? "Does the title (*Midstream*) mean she'd rather drown than get hit by a truck in the MOR?". And of the Jackson Browne album *For Everyman:* "The singer-songwriter folk are lining up behind this one as album of the year, but though I'm intrigued by Janet Maslin's suggestion that Browne fuses New York and Californian sensibilities, sometimes I'm afraid all she means is that he can read."

I could go on — but what's the point? Nearly every review has (at least) one good quotable sentence, and I'm still in the Bs! Buy this book.

**JAMES MANNING**

## THE FILM YEARBOOK1983 —
### *Edited by Al Clark (Virgin Books)*

It has been quite some time since a publisher has entered the cinema book scene and offered a suitable rival yearbook to the traditional offerings. (The traditionals to date being Peter Cowie's *International Film Guide* (whose publishers now produce a companion volume called *International TV and Video Guide*), F. Maurice Speed's *Film Annual* and, across the Atlantic, John Willis' *Film Review*.

Virgin Books (an offshoot of Virgin Records) have published a rock yearbook for the past three years (also edited by Clark), so it seems a natural progression for them to cover the film world.

Like its counterparts, *The Film Yearbook* suffers from time lapse problems. What the 1983 edition really covers is the film year from July 1, 1981 to June 30, 1982. Bearing that in mind, Clark has managed to produce a comprehensive and very readable summation of those twelve months. This is due in no small part to the talented group of journalists who have contributed to the book, among them Raymond Durgnat, Dave Marsh, Andrew Sarris and Paul Taylor.

The book begins with an alphabetical round-up of the year's releases (the guidelines here are UK release dates). These are all written by Clark, and they fill an impressive 76 pages. Each film merits a detailed credit listing followed by a short critical assessment. These range from all too brief ("Much-cut three-year-old triple-decker, featuring a dog, a rabbit, an emasculation, a couple of throat cuts and a range of sexual activity" when talking about Borowczyk's *Three Immoral Women*) to the verbose (200 words on James L. Wolcott's *Wild Women of Wongo*).

A useful section follows called 'The Other Films', which is a roundup of movies which had opened in the US but had yet to receive a UK release.

Various critics choose their films of the year and then go on to explain why in several thousand words. Durgnat chooses *True Confessions*. Andrew Sarris, perhaps surprisingly, *Richard Pryor Live*. (Sarris acknowledges that the film is arguably not a movie, but he says it is "nonetheless the most exhilarating screen entertainment I have experienced in the past year".) Paul Taylor selects Dennis Hopper's *Out Of The Blue*, a film which presumably will take a long time to get as far as an Australian commercial release. American writer Bart Mills goes for *Missing*, and rock music critic Dave Marsh muses over De Palma's *Blow Out*. "*Blow Out* is a picture with almost everything going against it: an adult thriller in the midst of a vogue for adolescent fantasy; a star (John Travolta) cast radically against type, with dialogue that's never more than serviceable, a typically derivative De Palma script (an aurally-oriented remake of *Blow Up* with Watergate overtones); a score that's maudlin, obvious and annoying. Like all of Brian De Palma's films, it has soul."

Alternatively, critics then select 'Turkeys Of The Year'. Andrew Sarris on *Porky's* — "the worst movie I have ever seen to gross more than a hundred million dollars". And in *Faces Of The Future*, Paul Taylor writes a glorious tribute to Laurene Landon (of *I, the Jury*) whom he admits could be canonised as the new "queen of the Bs".

There are too many good quotes to select from Quotes Of The Year. In another chapter, David McGillivray surveys unfinished films, and further salt is rubbed into Michael Cimino's wounds with one chapter featuring a chronological listing of the horrors associated with his film *Heaven's Gate*.

My only criticisms are that the obituaries section could be a lot more detailed, as could the rest of the book's reference section (which covers festivals, magazines, awards etc.) But the book's biggest omission is an index. A gross oversight in something which is basically a reference work.

These quibbles aside, *The Film Yearbook* should be the first annual anyone with more than a passing interest in film should consider buying.

**JAMES MANNING**


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